FIFTH WEEKLY ISSUE OF

SEPTEMBER 13, 1954

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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JIMMY JEMAIL

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOT BOX

The Question: **Should a baseball player or manager argue with the umpire?**

The Answers:

ADMIRAL F. B. STUMP
COMMANDER IN CHIEF
PACIFIC FLEET

"Yes. Arguments with the umpire can be amusing. They add color to baseball. The fans resent an arbitrary umpire. They sympathize with the players. 'Kill the umpire' is an age-old baseball expression. Fans cheer when an umpire is hit by a ball. But it's all in fun."

LEO DUROCHER
BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.
BASEBALL MANAGER

"Yes, even though no manager has ever won an argument with the umpire. No one knows better than I. If you give the umpire an argument about a questionable decision you may make him realize that he has missed one. He'll be more alert the next time. Umpires are human, are subject to errors of judgment. They'd be the first to admit it."

JACKIE ROBINSON
ST. ALBANS, N.Y.
BASEBALL PLAYER

"Suppose the fans thought I was safe on a close play. You know perfectly well what they'd do if I just ran off the field to the dugout without beefing a bit. They'd razz me. And my teammates would think I wasn't in there fighting to win. An argument doesn't have to be bitter. But when a player gets a raw deal, he should have his beef."

MRS. CLAY COGSWELL
BIRMINGHAM, MICH.
HOUSEWIFE

"I used to think so, but I don't anymore. Leo Durocher is the reason. His teams got nowhere when he was baiting the umpires. You remember how he was. But his whole personality changed after he married Laraine Day. The fans respect him now. His players like him. They're fighting their hearts out for him. The Giants are on top."

KEN STRONG
NEW YORK CITY
SALESMAN

"No. I played pro baseball and football. Once in a while, I'd kick at a bad decision, but I'd always try to do it in a reasoning way. The next time I'd get the break. But if a player tries to make a fool out of an umpire, the close ones may deliberately be called against him. I've seen it done."

MRS. BILLY SEEMAN
NEW YORK CITY
CIVIC WORKER

"Why not? Sometimes it's lots of fun. Reese of the Dodgers thought the umpire should call a game because of rain. So he came to bat wearing a raincoat. The ump kicked him out. Frankie Frisch wanted a game called because of darkness. He came on the field with a lantern. He was kicked out too."

JOE SHEA
NEW YORK CITY
ACCOUNT EXECUTIVE

"Certainly. An argument with the umpire always helps to pep up a game. Baseball may get deadly dull if the players and managers submit meekly to every raw decision. And there are lots of them. Frankie Frisch's arguments with the umpires were classics. They had the fans in stitches."

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *is published weekly by* TIME *Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. Second class entry applied for at Chicago, Ill. Subscription $7.50 a year in U.S.A.*

DUFF MERRICK
NEW YORK CITY
BIBLE SALESMAN

"Certainly. In the excitement of a game, I've shouted 'Kill the umpire' along with everybody else. Razzing the umpire is part of baseball, like playing 'Three Blind Mice' on the loudspeaker when the umpires come on the field to start the game. Frankie Frisch did that."

EUGENIA BEDELL
NEW YORK CITY
WRITER

"No. Arguments detract from the excitement of a game. Who wants to watch a bunch of rowdies? I like the Japanese approach to baseball. When a player goes to home plate to bat, he tips his hat and bows to the umpire. The ump bows in turn. The fans here would love to see Leo the Lip Durocher bow to the ump."

LARRY GOETZ
CINCINNATI, O.
BASEBALL UMPIRE

"No. According to the rule book, arguing with the umpire is illegal. So, why do umpires permit it? We let the players sound off because the fans pay to see their favorites play. But when they go too far, we have to thumb them out or risk losing control of the game. I'm an easygoing guy. I like to let the player hang himself. He usually will."

TWO TO TANGO

Yankee third baseman Andy Carey (*left*) and first sacker Bill Skowron, chasing pop-up in a Detroit game, were caught by camera in this antic.

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PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned tallest headlines.

CLYDE HIPPENSTIEL, 31, of San Bernardino, Calif., troop-carrier pilot in the war, is 1954 National Public Parks tennis champion. In 20 years of tournament tennis, he has won the title three times, though he plays only about once a week.

MRS. MARY PRENTISS gave San Bernardino a sweep of public parks titles by winning the women's championship for the eighth time and fifth year in a row. As Mary Arnold, she was a Wightman Cup player, once ranked sixth nationally.

TOMMY MAKINEN, Ramsay, Mich. third-grader, dotes on spaghetti, Roy Rogers and outboard racing. Tommy started racing this year at eight, has won a third and a fourth in four starts in rugged Class A competition with adults.

JACK CROSSFIELD, 22-year-old Stanford University medical student, combined back muscles and perfect timing to arch a trout fly 194 feet—a world-record distance—at the national casting tournament in Long Beach, Calif.

DON WEARLEY had no intention of entering this year's National Lefthanders Golf championship in Dayton, Ohio, but an old friend and fellow southpaw, Ray Stockmyer, finally convinced him. The 35-year-old Toledo automobile dealer went out and whipped a field of 160 to become the king of American lefties, disposing of friend and mentor Stockmyer in the semi-finals en route to the title.

WES SANTEE, America's fastest miler (4:00.6), completed his 12-week Marine training course at Quantico, Va. by tour-ng the Camp Upshur obstacle course. Wes thinks that the Marines have helped him strengthen his arm and shoulder muscles for a future assault on Australian John Landy's world mile record of 3:58.

B.H.Wragge

philosophy for compact living

A way of dressing that is well-put-together, unpretentiously important. For instance: jacket of menswear flannel paved with the tweed-knit of the skirt. Black lined with firechief red tie silk. Skirt of black or brown with white wildcat tweed-knit, starkly slim and perfect. $79.95 Crossover neckline blouse of white or colored tie silk. $17.95* All in sizes 8 to 18. Matching bag. $35.00* At* **Bonwit Teller,** *New York,*

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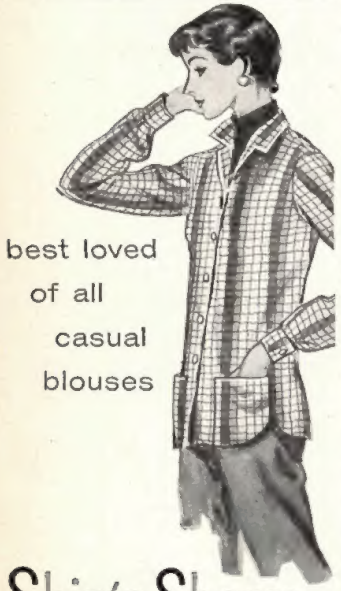

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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

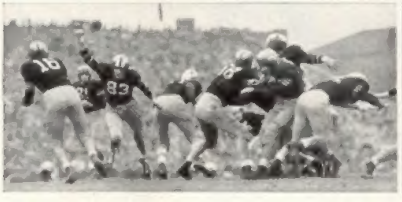
THE FIRST thumping, thudding sounds of football come at the end of summer—from exhibitions, the All-Star game, and the early pickup practices on vacant lots; and this Saturday the small, eager vanguard of U.S. colleges opens the intercollegiate competition—with Gustavus Adolphus vs. Youngstown, Duluth Branch vs. Superior State, among others.

After baseball's crashing finale in the World Series, football leads the band (while red-hatted hunters play a counterpoint with shotguns and rifles). All told, well over half a million players will fight for the red and gold, the crimson, the blue or whatever colors belong to the institution whose happiest moments coincide with a victory on the football field. Thirty-five million people will buy tickets to watch them; and more millions will see the games on television.

This is the football season, when burning leaves and a thousand yellow chrysanthemums get blurred in a happy whirl of dates and dances, locomotive cheers, and high-stepping drum majorettes. This is football, the spectacle, and above all, football, the game.

Herman Hickman starts the season with a report on *The Eleven Elevens* (pages 10–15), the college teams he thinks should be up at the top when it's all over. To take the story right up to the first kickoff, cubelike (326 lbs.) Hickman made what for anyone else would be a whirlwind tour (whirlwinds don't budge him) and talked to coaches. Coaches, as Hickman knows firsthand, use language as lion tamers use chairs; but what they said, he's got.

From here on through the bowl games, the editors of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have laid out a football schedule which will bring



you everything but the tickets. Our coverage will include feature articles—among them, what the head of the first big college to drop football thinks about it now, one on how tough is football really, another on a millionaire Texan and his football endowments; some authentic scouting reports on the big teams before the big games; color spreads on Notre Dame football, night football and others; and fast-closing stories that the editors won't know until they happen.

First and ten to go!

Harry Phillips

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Subscription Rates: 1 yr., $7.50, U.S., Canada and active military personnel anywhere in the world; all other subscriptions, 1 yr., $10.
Please address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising contents to: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.
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COVER: *Sports-Car Racing Andrews AFB, Wash.*

Photograph by DANIEL RUBIN

Vital to sports-car race drivers are their pit crews, who keep them posted on their position. U.S. Champion Jim Kimberly (*see pp. 53-57*) has perfected a color code of secret symbols which enables his crew to convey a complex message as he streaks to victory with his 4.5 Ferrari.

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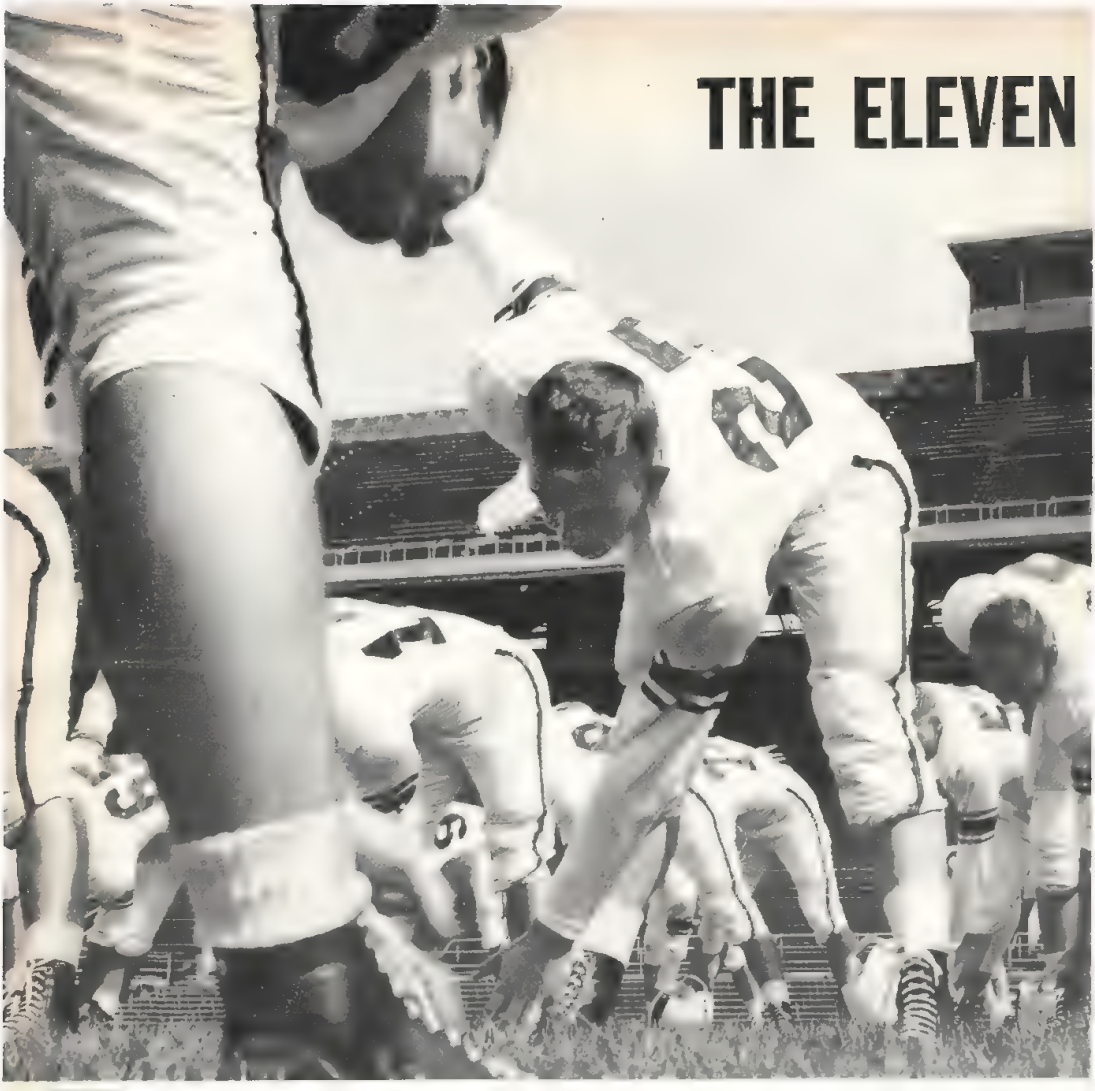
IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THERE IS NO JOY IN BROOKLYN . . . . . . when the Dodgers strike out. How it looks and feels, brilliantly reported in SI's first short story, "Brooklyns Lose," by William Heuman.

GALLICO: RETURN TO SPORTS
In 1938 Paul Gallico said farewell to sports. Now he is back with a fine article on fencing

FOOTBALL: THE MIGHTY MIDWEST
In the first of four sectional articles Herman Hickman examines America's heartland

WHO RUNS THE YANKEES?
Not Casey Stengel, but an impassive fellow named George Weiss. By ROBERT SHAPLEN



THE ELEVEN

SO YOU WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL PLAYER . . .

. . . you have to be ready for a hard time first. This is about the second week of practice, and it hasn't been much fun so far. In fact, you feel more like a football than a player:

You're up at the crack of dawn, your muscles stiff and sore. You get an hour's skull practice first, with your group coach. If you're a lineman, you meet with the "men," known also as the "lunkheads," or "those big, dumb oxen." You, in turn, refer to the backfield as "the boys," or the "artists."

Morning practice comes next, when your breakfast has digested. Your pants and pads are clammy and cold as you climb into them. Stiff-legged, you trot to the practice field. The first order of business is calisthenics. For psychological reasons they call them "conditioning exercises," but by any name you hate them. Then comes an hour and a half of hitting the sled, blocking dummies, three-on-one drills, tackling, work on assignments. Pound, pound, pound. At the other end of the field the "artists" just seem to be having fun, throwing the ball around. . . .

After a heavy noonday meal there's a lecture by the head coach for the entire squad. You're so sleepy you can't hold your head up—until a hotfoot, applied no doubt by an "artist," wakes you up with a yell. The head coach seems to notice you for the first time.

Back to the dressing room after that, for afternoon practice. Two more hours of fundamentals. Drill, drill, drill. When you're finally dismissed the coach warns that everybody should be in bed by 10:30. That's the most useless speech of the season. By 8 o'clock you're all in the sack, except maybe those dancing girls in the backfield.

Then, suddenly, school starts. Only one practice a day! Next week you open with State. Gone are the aches and pains. Here come the headlines!

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

BEST ELEVENS

by HERMAN HICKMAN

Teams that bloom in the spring often wither by fall. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's expert completed his investigation only last week. Here is his up-to-the-minute report on college football

THERE ARE eleven men on a football team and there are eleven great football squads in the U.S. I have spent the last several weeks touring this country talking to the experts (*see box*), and I have picked the ones which you will find on the following pages. They are the greats of Football Fifty-Four, perennial national championship contenders for the most part. I have made no attempt to 1-2-3 them. My 11 Elevens play each other in nine games, and there is plenty of opportunity for throat-cutting.

A football, in the true words of the old saying, bounces many ways. There may be some teams with better records at the season's end than those I've selected here, and we can spend the winter arguing about them. Many teams are overrated, too. Mississippi, for example, looks like a "shoo in" for the Southeastern Conference title, but is not on my list. Their schedule does not include Georgia Tech, Alabama or any of the top Conference contenders.

I have put Wisconsin, Rice and Iowa in the top bracket. Look at Wisconsin's schedule on the following pages. I'll nominate them right now as the nation's No. 1 team—if they go through that schedule "clean." I've left out Michigan State because the Spartans are starting out practically all over again. Biggie Munn has left the helm for the job of Athletic Director, and seven first-stringers are missing from last season's Rose Bowl champs.

On the West Coast some of the experts think U.C.L.A.'s ineligibility to play a return engagement in the Rose Bowl may cut down their incentive to win. But who wants to get psychological? Their game with mighty Maryland might be the antidote. Oklahoma faces Rose Bowl-hungry California at Berkeley on September 18—we'll see.

Army? Remember, I used to work for Colonel Blaik. If I picked the Cadets, he'd never speak to me again. There has to be a little sentiment in all evaluations; besides, I think Army may still be another year away from greatness. There are several good colleges which are little heard of on the national level. DeWitt Weaver has forged a thunderbolt at Texas Tech. The University of Cincinnati is in the same class. As for Marquette—look out, Wisconsin.

Let's be thankful there are no rules changes this year worth mentioning. Coach and players alike should be better adjusted to working without the Two Platoon system. The players will be faster, the bands louder, the girls prettier. What ho! The sun still shines on the Acropolis and I'm only sixteen years old. PLAY BALL!

NOW TURN THE PAGE FOR HERMAN HICKMAN'S 11 ELEVENS

HOW HERMAN PICKED 'EM

HERMAN HICKMAN

To gather the material on which he based his choice of the eleven top football squads for 1954, Herman Hickman personally interviewed hundreds of coaches, players and sportswriters. His travels took him to every corner of America. Last week, for example, he completed a swing which included Chicago, Denver, Seattle, Los Angeles, Dallas, Atlanta, Jacksonville and many places in between. He sought out not only the great, but also the near-great and those who, without much hope of ever attaining national championship status, gallantly stand up year after year to the best teams in the country. "With ten years of playing and 18 years of coaching behind me," said Hickman, who was an All-American guard at Tennessee, line coach at Army, and head coach at Yale, "I modestly believe that I have my finger on the pulse of U.S. football."

U.C.L.A.
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

HENRY R. SANDERS
COACH

JACK ELLENA
TACKLE

BASIC OFFENSE: Single wing, balanced line.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 22; STARS:

Jack Ellena, T; Jim Salsbury, G; Bob Davenport, F.

LETTERMEN LOST: 15

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Doug Bradley, H; Bob Bergdahl, Q; Pat Pinkston, E; Jack McKay, C.

1953 RECORD:

Won 8, Lost 1. Pacific Coast Conference Champions. Lost to Michigan State in Rose Bowl, 20 28.

1954 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 18—San Diego Navy at home (Night).
Sept. 25—Kansas at Lawrence.
Oct. 1—Maryland at home (Night).
Oct. 9—Washington at Seattle.
Oct. 16—Stanford at home.
Oct. 23—Oregon State at Corvallis.
Oct. 30—California at Berkeley.
Nov. 6—Oregon at home.
Nov. 20—U.S.C. at home.

COACH RED SANDERS SAYS:

We might have as good a team as last year, although I believe every team in the Pacific Coast Conference will probably be better. We expect our line to be as strong as the one that represented U.C.L.A. last fall, in spite of the fact that we lost four starters. And don't forget we also lost the Rose Bowl backfield.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

The U.C.L.A. teams under the stewardship of Red Sanders have been generally acclaimed by coaches and critics alike for their almost flawless execution of fundamentals. Their single wing balanced line attack and short punt formations, with a few added frills here and there, are unique in today's football. Much detailed attention is paid to all phases of the kicking game and defensive maneuvers. Last season's line was one of the finest in the country. All-American candidates Jack Ellena and Jim Salsbury make the 1954 edition look just as good. Primo Villanueva is expected to fill the big shoes of departed All-American Paul Cameron at the vital tailback position. Not as powerful as Cameron, he is potentially a better passer and a runner with finesse. Bob Davenport may be one of the best running fullbacks in the country. Tip-off to U.C.L.A.'s real strength is the intersectional game with Maryland in Los Angeles on October 1.

DUKE
DURHAM, N.C.

W. D. MURRAY
COACH

JERRY BARGER
QUARTERBACK

BASIC OFFENSE: Split T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 19; STARS:

Jerry Barger, Q; Worth Lutz, F; Doug Knotts, T; Jesse Birchfield, G; Ralph Torrance, G; Johnny Palmer, C.

LETTERMEN LOST: 13

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Sonny Jurgensen, Q; Buddy Bass, H; Bunny Blaney, H; Leonard Black, E; Bob Benson, E; Dan Cox, T; Roy Hord, T.

1953 RECORD:

Won 7, Lost 2, Tied 1. Atlantic Coast Conference Champions.

1954 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 25—Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
Oct. 2—Tennessee at home.
Oct. 9—Purdue at Lafayette, Ind.
Oct. 16—Army at home.
Oct. 23—North Carolina State at Raleigh.
Oct. 30—Georgia Tech at home.
Nov. 6—Navy at Norfolk.
Nov. 13—Wake Forest at Wake Forest.
Nov. 20—South Carolina at home.
Nov. 27—North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

COACH BILL MURRAY SAYS:

The total manpower is about the same as last year. The morale of the squad is at a very high level with the boys showing unusually great desire to play. There is a lack of experienced men in both the line and backfield but we look forward to the season with confidence that the boys will do a good job. We may have a fine team if we can get off to a good start but I must point out that that start is against Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Purdue in that order.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Duke, long lost in the shadow of mighty Maryland, has been coming fast and in 1953 won the championship in the Atlantic Coast Conference. This may be the best Duke team since the great Wallace Wade days of Parker, Tipton and the McAfees. In spring training Murray shifted Worth Lutz, who has been alternating with Jerry Barger at the split T quarterback position for three years, to fullback. Both Lutz and Barger are fine passers and runners. This combination should make for a versatile attack. Ace in the hole is a slick running sophomore halfback, Bunny Blaney, who is capable of breaking up any ball game. The Army team visits Durham this fall. No southern hospitality is planned.

GEORGIA TECH
ATLANTA, GA.

ROBERT LEE DODD
COACH

LARRY MORRIS
CENTER

BASIC FORMATION: T and Split T

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 25; STARS:

Larry Morris, C (1953 consensus All-America); Franklin Brooks, G; Bill Teas, H; Henry Hair, E; Jake Shoemaker, G.

LETTERMEN LOST: 15

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Paul Rotenberry, H; Dickie Mattison, F; Wade Mitchell, Q; Carl Vereen, T.

1953 RECORD:

Won 8, Lost 2, Tied 1. Beat West Va. in Sugar Bowl 42 to 19.

1954 SCHEDULE:

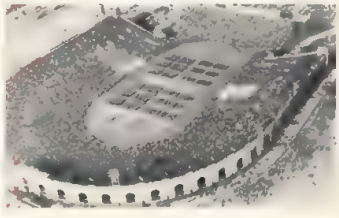
Sept. 18—Tulane at home.
Sept. 25—Florida at home.
Oct. 2—S.M.U. at Dallas (Night).
Oct. 9—L.S.U. at home.
Oct. 16—Auburn at home.
Oct. 23—Kentucky at home.
Oct. 30—Duke at Durham, N.C.
Nov. 6—Tennessee at home.
Nov. 13—Alabama at home.
Nov. 27—Georgia at Athens.

COACH BOBBY DODD SAYS:

We will have a young team in 1954 that should improve as the season progresses. Lack of experience, particularly at tackles and in the backfield, should hurt us most.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

The team that has won three major bowl games in succession will be just as strong in 1954, despite the statement that lack of experience will hurt them. Coach Dodd has been known in the past as the creator of the "razzle dazzle" type of play in the Southeastern Conference, but in recent years near flawless defensive play has been the mark of Tech teams. There is little reason to believe that Tech will be deficient in either of these abilities. Larry Morris and Franklin Delano Brooks are defensive standouts. Bill Teas, who may be the fastest back in the South, has been Tech's best ground gainer the past two years.



ILLINOIS

CHAMPAIGN-URBANA, ILL.

RAY ELIOT
COACH

J. C. CAROLINE
HALFBACK

BASIC OFFENSE: Regular T with flankers.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 14; STARS:

J. C. Caroline (Consensus All-American 1953), H; Mickey Bates, F; Jan Smid, G; Don Tate, G.

LETTERMEN LOST: 14

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Larry Pasko, C; Hiles Stout, Q; Abe Woodson, H.; Percy Oliver, T.

1953 RECORD:

Won 7, Lost 1, Tied 1 (Co-Champions Big Ten).

1954 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 25—Penn State at home.
Oct. 2—Stanford at Palo Alto.
Oct. 9—Ohio State at home.
Oct. 16—Minnesota at Minneapolis.
Oct. 23—Syracuse at home.
Oct. 30—Purdue at Lafayette, Ind.
Nov. 6—Michigan at Ann Arbor.
Nov. 13—Wisconsin at home.
Nov. 20—Northwestern at home.

COACH RAY ELIOT SAYS:

Illinois should, with reasonable luck, have a good, sound football team, which will be interesting to watch and a factor in any game on its schedule. Whether we can contend for the Big Ten Championship depends on so many factors which now are question marks in the minds of our coaches, that it's difficult to judge. But, no one ever sells the Fighting Illini short.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Illinois was the surprise package of the Big Ten in 1953. Lightly regarded at the outset, the Illini came on to lead their conference in total offense (points scored averaged 25.7 per game) and ranked second defensively. Even though there is inexperience at quarterback, ends, tackles and in linebacking, Illinois is the general favorite to wind up the season on top of the Big Ten heap. The sensational sophomore of 1953, J. C. Caroline, will be joined at the other halfback by Abe Woodson, who could be the sophomore of '54. Last winter Woodson won the Big Ten indoor 70-yard low hurdles championship in :08.0. Mickey Bates, the leading scorer of the team as a sophomore last year, has been moved to fullback. Caroline ranked first in the nation in rushing in 1953 and broke the Illinois record for total offense established by Red Grange in 1923. If no let-down occurs this season, Illinois has the best chance of any Midwest team to go unbeaten.

IOWA

IOWA CITY, IOWA

FOREST EVASHEVSKI
COACH

CALVIN JONES
GUARD

BASIC OFFENSE: Single Wing, unbalanced T and Split T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 20; STARS:

Calvin Jones, G; George Broeder, F; Frank Gilliam, E; Eddie Vincent, H.

LETTERMEN LOST: 13

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Ken Ploen, B; Jim Head, F; Ken Meek, E; Don Suchy, C; Bob Elibasich, T.

1953 RECORD:

Won 5, Lost 3, Tied 1.

1954 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 25—Michigan State at home.
Oct. 2—Montana at home.
Oct. 9—Michigan at Ann Arbor.
Oct. 16—Ohio State at Columbus.
Oct. 23—Indiana at Bloomington.
Oct. 30—Wisconsin at home.
Nov. 6—Purdue at home.
Nov. 13—Minnesota at Minneapolis.
Nov. 20—Notre Dame at home.

COACH FOREST EVASHEVSKI SAYS:

Undoubtedly Iowa will be overrated, on the basis of our strong 1953 finish. But five key men are gone so this won't be the same team at all. We expect a very good first team but are lacking in line reserves.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Optimism never reigned higher at Iowa. Their closing surge last year, including the Notre Dame affair, has produced a flame that hasn't even flickered during the past nine months. Coach Evashevski, Tom Harmon's old blocking back in their Michigan days, has forged a varied offense of single wing, regular T, and split T. Schedule is definitely tough, with seven conference games plus Notre Dame. The opening test with Michigan State should establish the true strength of the 1954 Iowa team.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE PARK, MD.

JAMES M. TATUM
COACH

JOHN IRVINE
CENTER

BASIC FORMATION: Split T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 26; STARS:

Dick Bielski, F; John Irvine, C; Ronnie Waller, H; George Palahunik, G; Jack Bowersox, G; Bill Walker, E.

LETTERMEN LOST: 9

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Jack Davis, G; Mike Sandusky, T; Frank Tamburello, Q; Howard Dare, H; Gene Alderton, C; Ed Heuring, G.

1953 RECORD:

Won 10. Lost 0. Lost to Oklahoma in Orange Bowl, 0–7.

1954 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 18—Kentucky at Lexington, Ky.
Oct. 1—U.C.L.A. at Los Angeles (Night).
Oct. 9—Wake Forest at Winston-Salem.
Oct. 16—North Carolina at home.
Oct. 22—Miami at Miami, Fla. (Night).
Oct. 30—South Carolina at Columbia, S.C.
Nov. 6—North Carolina State at home.
Nov. 13—Clemson at home.
Nov. 20—George Washington at home.
Nov. 25—Missouri at home.

COACH JIM TATUM SAYS:

The Maryland team will be missing superhuman defensive tackle play which we have had the past six years. Our team will not be as strong defensively because of this and inexperienced defensive secondary play. Therefore we will not have as good a record as last year. Offensively we'll be faster, more passing ability, therefore, should be able to move the ball. Summed up: A better than average college team with the breaks.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Maryland has the best chance of any of the 11 teams that I have selected to go undefeated. They were unbeaten in regular season play last year, although they were decisively defeated by the University of Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl, and I can see only one team on their schedule giving them a stern test. That team is U.C.L.A., which they meet in a Friday night game in the Los Angeles Coliseum on Oct. 1. It's a shame that they do not meet the other powerhouse in the Atlantic Coast Conference, Duke University. Under the tutelage of Jim Tatum, Maryland will always be a well-coached, well-balanced and superbly equipped squad. Co-captains Dick Bielski at fullback and center John Irvine are two of the finest football players in the country.

NOTRE DAME

SOUTH BEND, IND.

TERENCE BRENNAN
COACH

RALPH GUGLIELMI
QUARTERBACK

BASIC FORMATION: T and split T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 17; STARS:

Ralph Guglielmi, Q; Joe Heap, H; Frank Varrichione, T; Ray Lemek, G.

LETTERMEN LOST: 16

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Paul Hornung, Q; Jim Morse, H; Byron Beams, T.

1953 RECORD:

Won 9, Lost 0, Tied 1.

1954 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 25—Texas at home.
Oct. 2—Purdue at home.
Oct. 9—Pittsburgh at Pittsburgh.
Oct. 16—Michigan State at home.
Oct. 30—Navy at Baltimore.
Nov. 6—Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.
Nov. 13—North Carolina at home.
Nov. 20—Iowa at Iowa City.
Nov. 27—U.S.C. at home.
Dec. 4—S.M.U. at Dallas.

COACH TERRY BRENNAN SAYS:

We've lost six regulars from the undefeated 1953 team. Our schedule can certainly be regarded as being as difficult as that which will be attempted by any team in the country. As I've said before, and will say again . . . we'll do our very best, as Notre Dame men always have in the past and always will in the future.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Frankly, it's hard to see how any squad could lose such men as Halfback Johnny Lattner, Fullback Neil Worden, Tackle Art Hunter, Center Jim Schrader and Guard Menil Mavraides and still be a top-ranked team. Each was on some All-American or other. Lattner, Worden and Hunter were first-round Pro draft choices. Schrader was a second-round choice. Mavraides a third. But Notre Dame is not an ordinary football team, it's Notre Dame. Young Terry Brennan is definitely on the spot this fall, but in many ways it's a good spot to be on. This might well be the finest squad in Notre Dame's great football history. Last fall's freshman squad was loaded with talent. Ralph Guglielmi will take his place along with Angelo Bertelli and Johnny Lujack in a brilliant line of Notre Dame quarterbacks. The University of Texas provides a mighty challenge in the opener and Iowa has been planning on this one since the tie of last November. Brennan could lose these two, but don't bet on it. Notre Dame doesn't lose *two* often.

OKLAHOMA

NORMAN, OKLA.

CHAS. B. WILKINSON
COACH

GENE CALAME
QUARTERBACK

BASIC FORMATION: Split T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 19; STARS:

Kurt Burris, C; Gene Calame, Q; Max Boydston, E; Carl Allison, E; Don K. Brown, T.

LETTERMEN LOST: 11

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Tommy Pearson, E; Robert Derrick, H; Byron Searcy, T; Tom McDonald, H.

1953 RECORD:

Won 8, Lost 1, Tied 1. Big Seven Champions and beat Maryland in Orange Bowl, 7-0.

1954 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 18 California at Berkeley.
Sept. 25—Texas Christian at home.
Oct. 9—Texas at Dallas.
Oct. 16—Kansas at Lawrence.
Oct. 23 Kansas State at home.
Oct. 30 Colorado at Boulder.
Nov. 6—Iowa State at Ames.
Nov. 13 Missouri at home.
Nov. 20 Nebraska at home.
Nov. 27 Oklahoma A & M at Stillwater.

COACH BUD WILKINSON SAYS:

We lost the heart of our team—last year's strength was in the line. Our success this year will be determined by the progress of our sophomore linemen.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

Bud's Oklahoma teams have won the Big Seven title six years in a row, have never lost to a conference team and have ranked in the top 10 in the nation every year during that period. This year will be no exception. There have been heavy line losses, but Line Coach Gomer Jones has the happy faculty of replacing them. He has produced nine All-Americans in the past seven seasons. Center Kurt Burris may be the finest center in college football this fall. Max Boydston and Carl Allison, who made Notre Dame's All-Opponents team two years in a row, are All-American caliber. Gene Calame at quarterback is considered by many as the most complete back playing college football today. Oklahoma is a notoriously slow starting team. They must speed up the tempo to get by much-heralded California in their opener on Sept. 18. This game means much to the prestige of Pacific Coast football. California has the incentive and the equipment to win it, but don't sell Oklahoma short. They may start fast. Get them past Texas on Oct. 9 and they may go clean.

RICE INSTITUTE

HOUSTON, TEXAS

JESS NEELY
COACH

DICKY MOEGLE
HALFBACK

BASIC FORMATION: T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 13; STARS:

Dicky Moegle, H; Kenny Paul, G; Marshall Crawford, E; Mac Taylor, H; Morris Stone, H.

LETTERMEN LOST: 16

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

John Held, E; James Peters, E; Jack Throckmorton, F; Phil Harris, Q.

1953 RECORD:

Won 8, Lost 2. Co-Champions Southwest Conference. Beat Alabama in Cotton Bowl, 28-6.

1954 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 18—Florida at home (Night).
Oct. 2—Cornell at home (Night).
Oct. 9—Wisconsin at Madison, Wis.
Oct. 16—S.M.U. at home (Night).
Oct. 23—Texas at home.
Oct. 30—Vanderbilt at home.
Nov. 6—Arkansas at Little Rock.
Nov. 13—Texas A & M at College Station.
Nov. 20—T.C.U. at home.
Nov. 27—Baylor at Waco, Texas.

COACH JESS NEELY SAYS:

Replacing the many fine seniors of last year will be a big problem. But we expect to give a good account of ourselves with good running and improved passing.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

The team that upset Texas last year and mauled Alabama in the Cotton Bowl on New Year's Day cannot be left off the list of my 11 Elevens. Granting the loss of the wrecking crew of blockers on the 1953 squad, there is still the incredible Dicky Moegle, who averaged 7.3 yards per try as a sophomore and scored three touchdowns in the Cotton Bowl. Backs like Dicky are born. I figure that Jess can manufacture more linemen. The schedule is tough, but Rice should jell into another fine team.

TEXAS

AUSTIN, TEXAS

EDWIN PRICE
COACH

BUCK LANSFORD
TACKLE

BASIC OFFENSE: Split T.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 22; STARS:

Buck Lansford, T; Herbert Gray, T; Billy Quinn, F; Delano Womack, H; Kirby Miller, G; Menan Schriewer, E; Charles Brewer, Q.

LETTERMEN LOST: 12

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Ben Woodson, G; Morton Moriarty, E.

1953 RECORD:

Won 7, Lost 3. Co-Champions Southwest Conference.

1954 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 18—L.S.U. at home.
Sept. 25—Notre Dame at South Bend, Ind.
Oct. 2—Washington State at home.
Oct. 9—Oklahoma at Dallas.
Oct. 16—Arkansas at home.
Oct. 23—Rice at Houston.
Oct. 30—S.M.U. at home.
Nov. 6—Baylor at Waco, Texas.
Nov. 13—T.C.U. at Fort Worth.
Nov. 25—Texas A & M at home.

COACH EDDIE PRICE SAYS:

Our boys made great progress late last year but even greater strides will be needed this fall, when we face L.S.U., Notre Dame, Oklahoma and Rice within the first six weeks.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

The Longhorns have been selected unanimously as the No. 1 team in the Southwest Conference. They lost only four regulars off their co-champion 1953 team. The linemen are big and fast, the backs are of the 180-pound variety with ability and speed. Lansford, a 220-pound "eat 'em up" tackle, and Fullback Billy Quinn are definite All-America possibilities. Their national rating will be established early in games with Notre Dame and Oklahoma.

WISCONSIN

MADISON, WIS.

IVAN B. WILLIAMSON
COACH

ALAN AMECHE
FULLBACK

BASIC FORMATION: Split T and some single wing.

LETTERMEN RETURNING: 16; STARS:

Alan Ameche, F; Jimmy Miller, Q; Ron Locklin, E; Gary Messner, C.

LETTERMEN LOST: 18

LEADING SOPHOMORE CANDIDATES:

Jim Gros-Klaus, T; Pat Levenhagen, H; Dave Howard, E; Billy Lowe, H.

1953 RECORD:

Won 6, Lost 2, Tied 1.

1954 SCHEDULE:

Sept. 25—Marquette at home.
Oct. 2—Michigan State at East Lansing.
Oct. 9—Rice at home.
Oct. 16—Purdue at home.
Oct. 23—Ohio State at Columbus.
Oct. 30—Iowa at Iowa City.
Nov. 6—Northwestern at home.
Nov. 13—Illinois at Champaign-Urbana.
Nov. 20—Minnesota at home.

COACH IVY WILLIAMSON SAYS:

We expect to be a solid ball club this year sparked by a great fullback in our All-American senior Alan Ameche and a fine quarterback in junior Jimmy Miller. Our main weaknesses are lack of speed at the halfbacks, inexperienced tackles, and green end replacements.

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

The 1954 Wisconsin team has just about the toughest schedule in the country. If they go undefeated I'll vote for them as the number one team. They could lose several games and still be a top-ranking team. Outside of playing all the tough ones in the Big Ten, they open with rugged Marquette and play Rice in an intersectional game. Alan Ameche is without peer in the role of an old-fashioned, block-busting type fullback. Jim Miller, as a sophomore last year, was the leading passer in the conference. He can run, too. Their line is physically equipped to contain most of their opponents. Wisconsin last year handed J. C. Caroline and company of Illinois a 34 to 7 drubbing. Word comes from Madison that Ivy Williamson added the single wing offense to his repertoire this past spring. There is no doubt that this formation will give Jimmy Miller a better chance to make use of his running ability and it certainly should increase the offensive score of Alan Ameche. If both Wisconsin and Illinois are undefeated when they meet on Nov. 13, it could be the game of the year.

Herman Hickman says:

PASTE THESE IN YOUR HAT

• The two-platoon system will be used by many of the better teams this fall. Yes, I've read the rules.

• Attention, Midwest fans: Maybe you've never heard of him, but Murray Warmath, Minnesota's new head coach, might surprise you and win his first three games.

• In three years of high school football at White Plains, N.Y., where he was coached by his father, and as a freshman at Yale last year, Dean Loucks, the promising sophomore quarterback, has never played in a losing game. Tip: he may not this year either.

• Season's best T-formation quarterbacks: Guglielmi of Notre Dame, Larson of California, Calame of Oklahoma, Shaw of Oregon, Barger of Duke and Miller of Wisconsin.

• Season's best single-wing tailbacks: Wade of Tennessee, Flippin of Princeton and Villanueva of U.C.L.A.

• Season's best football players at Negro colleges: Charles Wright, the 6-foot 4-inch, 255-pound end from undefeated (1953) Prairie View, Texas; Elijah Childers, Prairie View's 250-pound tackle; Leo Lewis, Lincoln (Missouri) University's halfback who last year scored 22 touchdowns. The pros know all about them.

• Attention, Illinois opponents: when you shift over to stop halfback J. C. Caroline, who broke all of Red Grange's and Buddy Young's records last year, keep at least one eye on Abe Woodson, the Illinis' other halfback. He's a 6-foot 1-inch, 182-pound sophomore who scored a touchdown for the varsity in his first scrimmage September 4; and he's a fine defensive player too. On second thought, maybe you'd better keep both eyes on him.

SOUNDTRACK

SNIFFLES AT FOREST HILLS

THE TIME TED ATKINSON QUIT . . . TED WILLIAMS AT 36

Decibels

▶ Through the roar of major league crowds and the cries of peanut vendors last week came the unmistakable clanking sound of the New York Yankees and the Brooklyn Dodgers running on treadmills. The Yankees outpitched and outhit their vexing rivals from Cleveland to win two games out of three—only to lose the following series to Washington while Cleveland was winning. The Dodgers took out in pursuit of the Giants in a now-or-never mood, only to stumble, two games out of three, in the Polo Grounds (*see pages* 19–22). Bookmakers in Las Vegas, Nev., who know that races are seldom won on treadmills, this week made the Cleveland Indians (at 2–7) and the New York Giants (at 1–4) odds-on favorites to win.

▶ At Forest Hills, over the decorous applause and the ping of rackets hitting tennis balls, came the muffled sound of favorites falling on grass. In the beginning, the National Singles tournament seemed like a complex mechanism for putting Tony Trabert, defending champion and top-seeded U.S. player, at the throat of Australia's 19-year-old ace, Lew Hoad. But neither even got to the semifinals. Trabert was beaten by Australia's Rex Hartwig, seeded No. 4 among foreign entrants. Hoad fell to Ham Richardson of New Orleans, the inspired diabetic, who is ranked No. 6 among U.S. players.

▶ Quietest news of the week came from Kid Gavilan, welterweight champion of the world, who canceled his fight with Johnny Saxton on the ground that he had gotten his lumps before the battle. The Keed, three physicians testified, had the mumps.

Shooting star

SKEET SHOOTER Carola Mandel of Chicago is one of the best-dressed women in sport (*see pages* 50–51). Last week she added a new item to her apparel: the national 20-gauge skeet crown. Hitherto, national open championships in skeet have been won exclusively by men, but last week at Waterford, Mich. Mrs. Mandel made a clay pigeon of that tradition.

To win the 20-gauge championship Mrs. Mandel broke 50 straight targets in a shoot-off against five men after knocking off a perfect 100 straight to win the women's 20-gauge division. She also won the women's High-Over-All championship.

While the clothes she wears are fastidiously smart, the guns she uses in competition are prosy, standard-grade jobs. She does own some fancy, highly ornamented weapons but when she leaves her handsome three-story house on Chicago's Near North Side for a meet, the shotguns she packs are the old reliables—a .410-gauge Winchester pump Model 42, and 28-, 20- and 12-gauge versions of the Remington automatic Sportsman 48.

Beating men at what used to be considered their own game is not altogether new for Mrs. Mandel. She did it in 1950, her first year of full competition, when she entered an international meet in Spain and topped all the men. She takes pride in outshooting men, not because they are men but because they represent the toughest competition. And Mrs. Mandel is a competitor. She has participated in shoots in freezing cold, in 103-degree heat waves, in driving rain and with a case of mumps—something for Kid Gavilan to think upon. Last week at Waterford she won her greatest triumph with a broken toe, suffered the night before competition began when she walked into, naturally, a bathroom door.

Eternal mystery

THE delicate mechanism that controls human emotions, one of the eternal mysteries was revealed for a moment last week, but, as usual, the mystery remained. After Ham Richardson's grueling upset victory over Lew Hoad in the quarter finals of the National Tennis Championship, his mother, Mrs. Roger Richardson, who had watched every minute of the match from the marquee, was dissolved in tears. "I was all prepared," she sniffled, "to smile in defeat."

Success story

JOCKEYS seldom hear applause. Race track crowds grow noisy enough, it is true, but they generate a peculiar cacophony all their own; they want their money, and as the horses round the final turn into the stretch the bettors grumble, complain and demand. Even the notes of exultation in the uproar have a certain hoarseness of tone; joy at the track is bought on the gray market. But the sound changed one day last week at Aqueduct. That eminent thoroughbred driver, Theodore Frederic Atkinson, banged a Greentree 2-year-old named Devastation home in front in the third race and was rewarded with genuine whistles and genuine cheers. Teddy had just become the fourth man in racing history to ride 3,000 winners (the others: Sir Gordon Richards, Johnny Longden and Eddie Arcaro), and as he went under the wire he had gotten a leg up, as it were, on immortality.

The next day, while shirt-sleeved sports from Flatbush and Avenue A crowded the fence around the winner's circle, the dignitaries of the Queens County Jockey Club hailed the fact

THE PRESIDENTS ON FISHING

Last week two fishermen who have other interests in common went fishing together near Fraser, Colo. (see cut). *Both knew what they were doing, and why. Both, like other fishing Presidents, have contributed their convictions on fishing doctrine. Samples:*

Hoover Doctrine: "[To go fishing] is the chance to wash one's soul with pure air, with the rush of the brook, or with the shimmer of the sun on blue water. It brings meekness and inspiration from the decency of nature, charity toward tackle-makers, patience toward fish, a mockery of profits and egos, a quieting of hate, a rejoicing that you do not have to decide a darned thing until next week. And it is discipline in the equality of men—for all men are equal before fish."

Eisenhower Doctrine: "I refuse to use anything but dry flies. I want fishing to be a challenge."

Coolidge Doctrine: in full : "Worms."

Cleveland Doctrine: "A true fisherman is conservative, provident, not given to envy, considerate of the rights of others and careful of his good name. Many a day [he] returns at night to his home, hungry, tired and disappointed; but he still has faith in his methods, and is not tempted to try new and more deadly lures. On the contrary, he is willing in all circumstances to give the fish the chance for life which a liberal sporting disposition has determined to be their due."

with ceremony. Atkinson, a black-haired, handsome little man (5 ft. 2 in., 111 lbs.) dismounted after the sixth race and walked forward, still dirty and sweating from his exertions. Before him reposed a card table with shaky legs. Upon the table reposed a limp caterer's napkin, and upon the napkin a silver bowl. Gray-haired Cyrus Julian, Aqueduct's president, shook the hero's hand, described him aloud as "a model of deportment and a tribute to racing," and presented him with the silverware.

"Comb your hair, Teddy," bawled a voice from the throng. "Less talk—give him a drink!" yelled another. Teddy acknowledged these tributes with a grin, made a short, graceful speech in praise of 1) Aqueduct's officials, 2) its racing strip and 3) its "two-dollar bettors." Then he fled along the track to the jockey house to change his silks and, as it turned out, to ride winner 3,001. The crowd against the fence—which often takes up its position there simply to catch losing jocks at close range and tell them what larcenous and scurvy bums it considers them—applauded all the way. It was a tribute indeed.

It seemed, however, like little enough. Atkinson was born in Toronto in 1916, was raised in upper New York State (where his father, a glass blower, toiled for the Corning Glass Works) and launched his own career during the depression as an $8-a-week labeler in a Brooklyn bottling works. He was 20 years old before he as much as touched a horse, and then he did so only experimentally at a Bronx riding academy—thus, according to track lore, he was too old to succeed before he started. He rode his first winner, a beast named Musical Jack, on the "leaky-roof circuit" at Beulah Park, Columbus, Ohio at the age of 21. Nevertheless, as of last week, he had ridden no less than 18,112 mounts, had not only racked up his 3,000 victories, but 2,546 seconds and 2,263 thirds as well. In so doing he had earned $12,951,305 for owners and a tenth of that sum for himself.

It was difficult not to wonder what traits of character lay behind these impressive figures. Atkinson, lounging in the jockey house with a cooling can of beer, answered only indirectly—but clearly enough. He is a dignified little man—quiet, courteous, well-read, well-spoken. But a look of real anger crossed his face when the 3,000th victory was mentioned. "Some of the newspapers are saying I lost my job," he said. This seemed like startling news—had Greentree fired him?

"My job at the bottling works," he went on fiercely. "I didn't get fired at all. I quit—I wanted to try racing because I couldn't stand an indoor life. But I was doing fine there. The Rose Lux Chemical Works. We put up a bleach. I did more than label, too—I worked overtime in the office and they were paying me $35 a week. I could have stayed as long as I wanted."

Modern muzzle-loaders

THERE are ten excellent reasons why the muzzle-loading rifle should have vanished from the American scene with bear-grease hair lotion and the up-and-down churn. To load one a rifleman must: 1) measure out a charge of black powder; 2) pour it down the barrel; 3) moisten a cloth patch, usually with saliva; 4) place a lead ball on the patch; 5) set patch and ball in the muzzle; 6) drive both tentatively down the bore with a small mallet; 7) trim the patch; 8) push ball and patch down the barrel with a short ramrod; 9) seat them more fully

with a long ramrod; and 10) prime the firing mechanism with powder or cap.

Something in the human brain, however, balks at discarding old machinery—particularly old machinery which makes a loud noise—and finds reaffirmation of ancient virtues in polishing up discarded narrow-gauge locomotives, and one-lung touring cars. In the last 20 years, growing thousands of Americans have not only taken to shooting muzzle-loaders (in many cases rifles of their own manufacture) but have done their best to dress up like Daniel Boone on Saturday night before beginning the rites.

Half a thousand muzzle-loader addicts from all over the U.S. who gathered in a sylvan glade near the hamlet of Friendship, Ind. last week for their annual national championships—many of them after driving hundreds of miles to get there—gave a magnificent demonstration of this long-suffering devotion to antiquity. Scores of trailers and almost 200 tents dotted the woodland near the range; ladies of the Farmer's Retreat Lutheran Church served thousands of meals in a big central clubhouse which the National Muzzle-Loading Rifleman's Association (6,000 members) has built for the annual championship shoots.

The riflemen themselves lent the scene an unmistakable individuality. Their costumes were, to put it mildly, bright—and if not completely authentic were at least early MGM. Members of two Ohio groups—the Ironton Charcoal Burners and the Bill Moose Muzzle-Loading Club—arrived wearing fringed get-ups of what they described as velvet deer finish leather. Michigan's Chief Wyandotte Muzzle-Loading Club affected beaded finery. Coonskin caps and old-fashioned powder horns were plentiful. Neither the Richmond Grays (who wear Confederate Civil War uniforms) nor the Washington Blues (who wear Union suits, as it were, of the same vintage) showed up, but a Canadian named Ernest Swain strode about in full Highland regalia.

Thus attired, and surrounded by admiring wives and children, they spent five full days loosing of their fearful weapons at targets while the Southern Indiana hills rumbled with the echoes. A muzzle-loader not only kicks the average shoulder blade into a loose group of bone fragments at the first blast and leaves the eardrums useless, but emits a cloud of smoke which smells very much like rotten eggs. It also fouls up the barrel with every shot and, on pulling himself together and wiping the tears from his eyes, the fusilier must clean it thoroughly before beginning the time-consuming process of reloading. But were the riflemen dismayed?

Veteran Muzzle-Loader Elihu Lyman summed up their general attitude some time before the championships. "When I'm dead," he said, "I hope they cremate me. Then I'd like them to roll my ashes into a well-cast ball, ram me down the barrel of a muzzle-loader and let some good marksman blast me through the bull's-eye."

Bert Acosta

THE pilots who competed in that time-honored aerial sporting contest, the 16th annual 1,900-mile (Los Angeles to Dayton) Bendix Trophy Race last weekend flew jet airplanes and spent a great deal of their time scribbling complex problems of navigation and fuel management upon pads strapped to their thighs. They strove for flight so scientifically correct that the last drop of fuel would be utilized at the instant of passing the finish pylon. The winner, Air Force Captain Edward W. Kenny, averaged 616.208 mph and used the last of his fuel as he was taxiing off the runway, seconds after landing. Nothing could have been in more dramatic contrast to the memories, aroused but a few days before, by the death of the one-time world speed king, Bert Acosta, reckless, roistering and tragic hero of aviation's brave and lusty youth.

In his wild way Acosta was a near genius—from the moment he built and flew his own airplane in San Diego as a teen-ager in 1910 it seemed obvious that he had been born for the air. Handsome, nerveless, burning with a lust for adventure and speed, he reached his tabloid-chronicled zenith in the booming '20s. He was the first man to fly more than 200 miles an hour. In 1927 with Clarence Chamberlin he set a world endurance record of 51 hours 11 minutes and 20 seconds; in the same year he flew Admiral

Byrd's perilously overloaded Fokker, *The America*, across the Atlantic.

Bert Acosta could fly anything, anywhere, his admirers cried. He tried. Once he flew an antiquated Jenny under three of New York's East River bridges. He zoomed past the clock on New York's Metropolitan Life Tower after a hapless passenger asked him the time. He blew a fortune, lost his pilot's license, was repeatedly jailed for nonsupport of his second wife and two sons. By 1936—middle-aged, broke, forgotten—he was a Bowery bum. He had only courage and instinct to sell. He went to Spain as a pilot for the Loyalist Armies and for 20 incredible days flew bombing missions with ancient and coughing transport planes while Hitler's hot young fighter pilots hunted him in the clouds. Disillusioned by Spanish "democracy," he left without a cent.

He rarely flew again. Tuberculosis claimed him. A few years ago old friends sent him to the Jewish Consumptive Relief Society's sanitarium in Denver and there, last week, he died. His day was long done—but during it, in his gallant and foolhardy way, he had put his glowing match-scratch of achievement upon the sky. Some of its light lingered still.

Outfielder among friends

BACK when Boston fans started booing Ted Williams, an onlooker might have supposed he didn't have a friend in the world. But even then there were intimates who believed he could do no wrong and they became the nucleus of a group of three dozen whose loyalty is never questioned—his doctors, druggist, dentist, accountant, a couple of bellhops and others outside the baseball world.

Last week they gave a birthday party (he was 36 on Aug. 30) for him in the Cub Room of Jimmy O'Keefe's Restaurant—across the Fenway from Fenway Park. It is a room that is dedicated to baseball, with a glassed-in shrine containing Joe Cronin's old Red Sox shirt and one of the bats with which Ted hit .406 in 1941.

John Buckley, theater manager, who got acquainted with Ted as a rookie keen about Westerns, was there. So was Captain John Blake, State Police Adjutant who first met Ted when, as a traffic cop, he stopped him on the road. So was Dr. Russell Sullivan, the surgeon who put a steel pin in his shoulder. (The surgeon is now debating whether to remove it.) No one was present from the Red Sox and there was only one baseball player—superannuated "Jumping Joe" Dugan. Ted's feud with the press was indicated by the fact that there were only a couple of sportswriters—a Boston *Traveler* columnist and the SI man.

Williams, who looked handsome indeed in a tweed jacket with a brown sports shirt open at the collar, was in an ingratiating mood. He clapped his friends on the back as he came in, grinned at a waitress who brought him a training schedule tipple of ginger ale and yelled, "Hey, this is nothing but straight ginger ale!" He also presented each of the gang with a present—a Zippo lighter bearing a red enamel Sox emblem, the recipient's own name and Ted Williams' engraved signature. "I'll never carry this around and take a chance on losing it," said one of the 35.

Two aging Irish minstrels sang "That Old Gang of Mine." A six-year-old boy, the protégé of a friend of Ted's, was perched on a table and sang a tearful song about "She's My Mom." Williams seemed delighted. "Gee," he said, "that was wonderful." Everyone watched a motion picture which depicted 1) Ted Williams bonefishing and 2) Ted Williams hitting a home run.

After Chef Guy Marchitelli entered in a towering white cap, carrying a big cake, and after the gang stood and sang "Happy Birthday, Dear Teddy," Williams was presented with a big maroon-and-ivory wardrobe trunk. "Ted," said the venerable Boston *Traveler* columnist, George C. Carens, "I guess you know what you're supposed to do with this. You will now have no excuse not to play next year and we all hope that you'll be back."

But one condition of friendship with Williams consists of refraining from even suggesting an interest in his more personal affairs. Williams, as everybody present knew, has had both a good and exasperating season. He has cracked out 25 home runs. He leads most other American League hitters with close to a .350 average but because his injury kept him idle so long (and because pitchers walk him so often) he will not have enough official "at bats" to win the American League batting championship. Despite all, no one present had the temerity to ask him whether he had reconsidered his decision, announced last spring, to retire from baseball at the end of the year. The dinner broke up at 10 o'clock with the question unanswered.

But Dr. Sidney Isherwood, Williams' dentist, hopefully reported what he conceived to be a significant fact: on a recent visit (the Williams' teeth are in excellent condition) Ted asked how often he should report back for a cleaning job. Their hero, the 35 decided happily, is considering at least one more year at Fenway Park.

SPECTACLE

THE LAST CHANCE

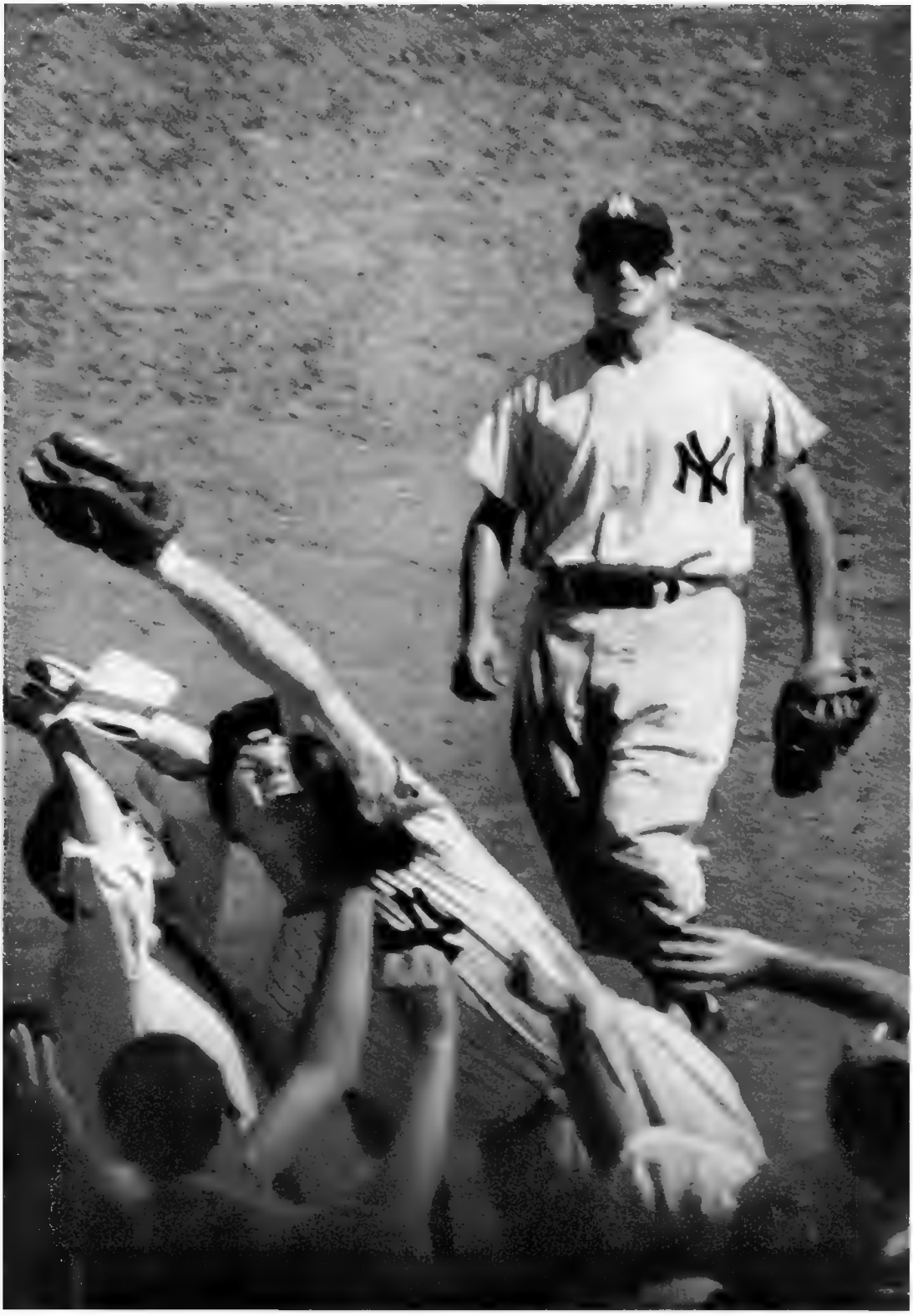
Time is running out fast as the Yankees strain to catch the Indians and the Dodgers stumble behind the Giants

THIS dramatic picture of Yankee Third Baseman Andy Carey striving desperately (and unsuccessfully) to catch a foul ball, as Shortstop Willie Miranda watches, symbolizes as well as anything the situation of the Yankees last week: they ran and hit and reached—and got no place.

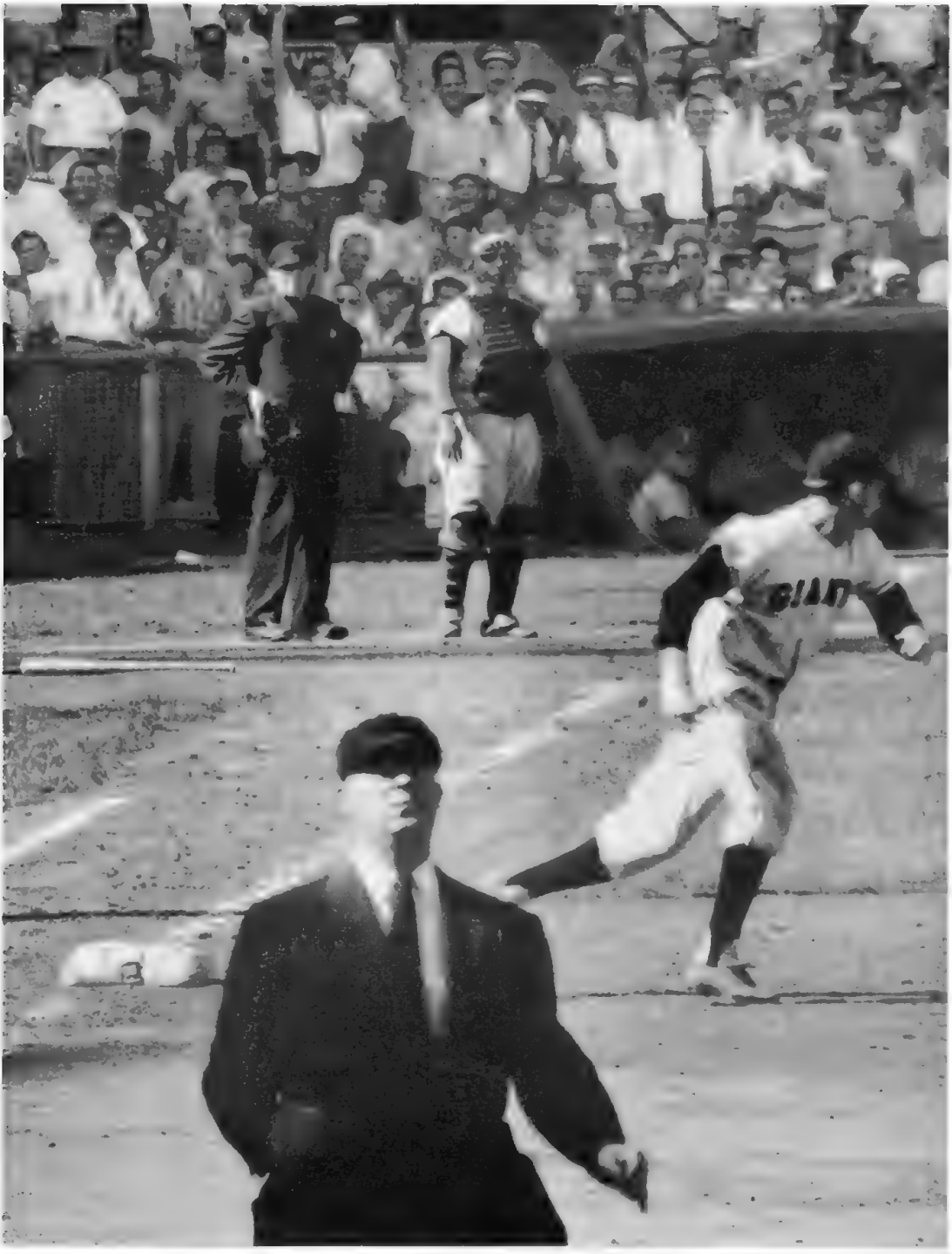
The Cleveland Indians came to New York 4½ games ahead and fat with pitching. They beat the Yanks 6–1 in the first game of a three-game series. Yankee Manager Casey Stengel refused to quit. "If we win the next two," he said, "we're back in business." He won the next two. Old Ed Lopat stopped the Indians 4–1. Young Ed Ford stopped them 3–2. "We're back in business!" crowed Stengel. The Indians were unimpressed. They went on to Chicago, beat the White Sox two out of three as the Yankees blew two out of three in Washington. The Yankees were back where they had been—4½ games behind. And six games closer to season's end.

And so it was in the other league. The Giants had been staggering, but each time the Dodgers moved in for a knockout the Giants slipped away. Last weekend the Dodgers caught the Giants in a corner: a three-game series. If they could take all three, the National League race would be a virtual tie. But the Dodgers could not do it. The Giants slipped away, counterpunched to win two of the three games and moved into the last three weeks of the season with an impressive 4-game lead.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HY AND EVAN PESKIN



Henry Thompson hit a home run with the bases loaded last Saturday that all but crushed the Dodgers. This expressive tableau captured the electric moment when the blow's devastation was beginning to dawn on fans, players and umpires. Coach Fitzsimmons and Umpire Dixon froze with

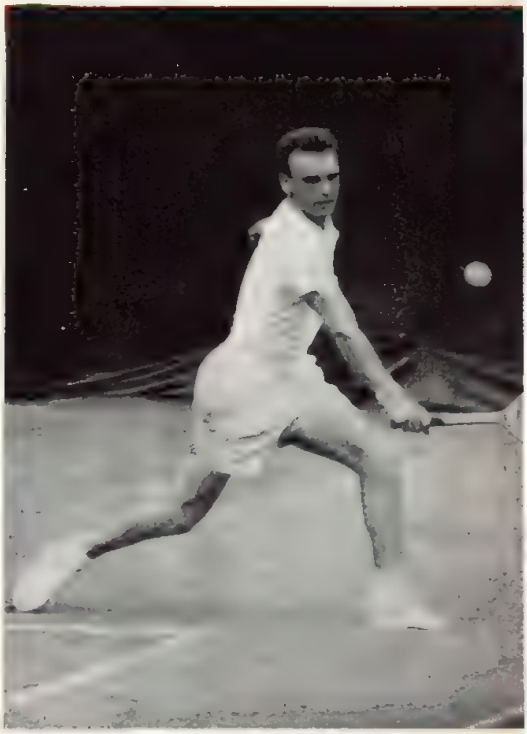


arms extended. A few fans flung their arms high. The bat boy stared open-mouthed. Base-runner Dark stared too, then had to scurry ahead of Thompson. Plate Umpire Ballanfant watched in wonder, Dodger Catcher Campanella in stolid disgust. The murder weapon lay still in the dust

Reporters surrounded a dejected Walter Alston after his Dodgers had lost the first game of the series to the Giants. Said the Brooklyn manager sadly: "It was a big game to lose." Casey Stengel

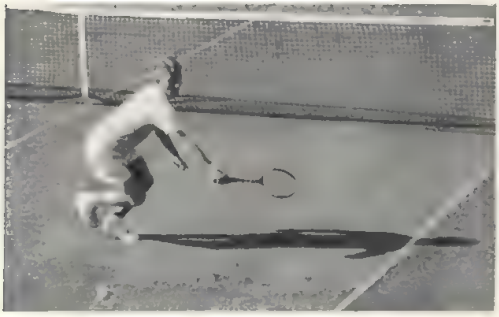
strode out of Yankee Stadium after the Cleveland series saying, "We've got to keep on winning." But two defeats in Washington showed Casey that the road ahead was rough

THE BIG WINNERS



DORIS HART, 29, and Vic Seixas, 31, were Forest Hills' most experienced runners-up. Miss Hart had been to the National Championship finals five times, Seixas twice, but neither had ever won. Last week in the USLTA Championships at Forest Hills the two old veterans had a new experience. Miss Hart, after being brought perilously close to a sixth defeat, wore down former champion (1947) Louise Brough to win her first National Championship, 6–8, 6–1, 8–6. Seixas, never in serious trouble, neatly disposed of Australian Rex Hartwig, who rarely manages to play his "big" match at the right time, 3–6, 6–2, 6–4, 6–4. The biggest disappointments were Australia's Lewis Hoad and America's Tony Trabert, top-seeded in the tournament, who were put out in the quarter-finals.

THE BIG LOSERS



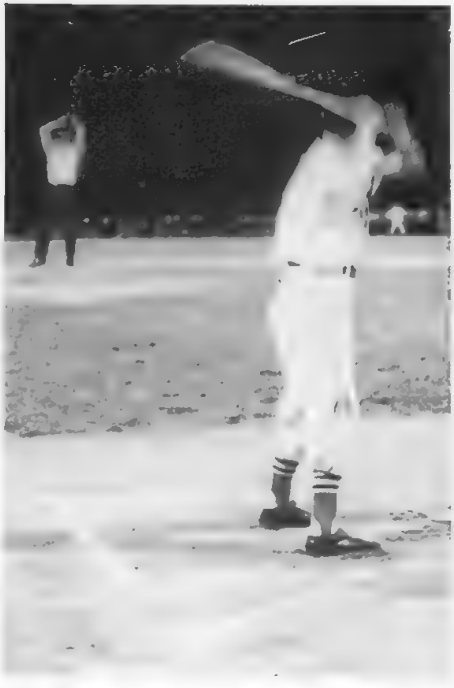
HOAD WAS OUTPLAYED BY HAMILTON RICHARDSON OF THE U.S.

TRABERT WAS OFF BALANCE BEFORE HARTWIG'S CONSISTENCY

TED ATKINSON stood bareheaded and appreciative before a silver ice bowl presented by officials at Aqueduct after he rode his 3,000th winner. Only three other jockeys—Sir Gordon Richards, Johnny Longden and Eddie Arcaro—have won more races.

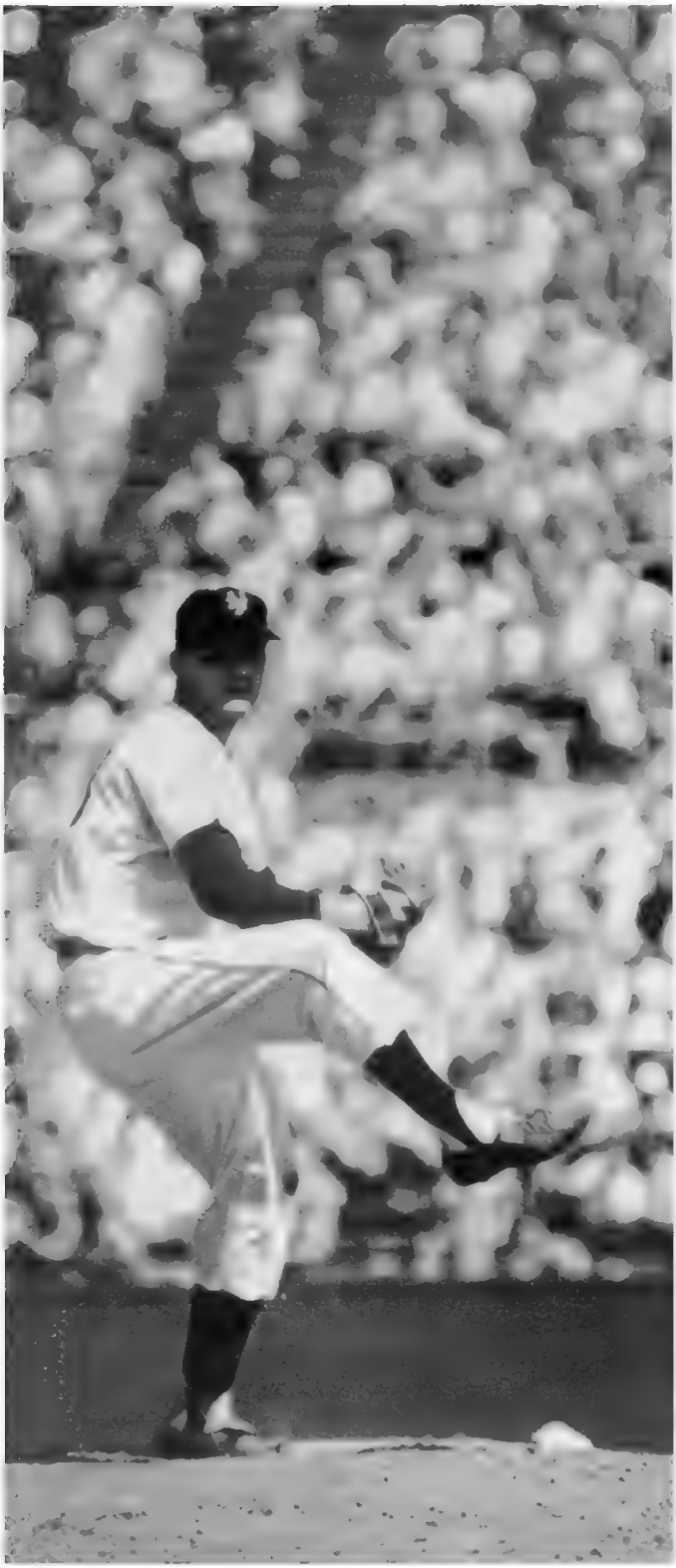
FISHERMEN-COOKS Eisenhower and Hoover dropped their trout lines briefly to broil some two-inch-thick steaks on an outdoor grill at Byers-Peak Ranch, near Fraser, Colo., where they spent a fishing holiday.

SURPRISE WINNER of women's high jump at European Games in Bern was Britain's Thelma Hopkins, who defeated Russia's top woman athlete with 5-foot $5\frac{3}{4}$-inch jump. Russians swept games, however, earning more than twice as many points as runner-up Britain.



DIZZY DEAN on the mound and Joe DiMaggio at the plate looked like ghosts out of the past during exhibition in Omaha. DiMaggio hit a few Dean pitches but failed to get a homer until a substitute replaced Dizzy.

A RECORD IN THE TAKING: Skin-diver Wally Potts furnished photographers a rare and eerie picture as he grappled underwater with the largest black sea bass taken on the Pacific coast this year. Potts, a member of a San Diego spear-fishing club, the Bottom Scratchers, had to free his line from seaweed three times during a tough three-hour battle with the 401½-pound fish. After firing a slip-point dart into the huge fish, the diver secured his 100-foot nylon line to a paddle board on the surface, then played the bass single-handedly until it was subdued. Two members of the club were with Potts but could not help without disqualifying the record catch. Once ashore, Potts posed happily beside his bass (*right*). Ironically the old Pacific coast record was a 310-pound bass caught by Jack Prodanovich, whose spear gun Potts was testing when he fired at his record-breaking fish.



LEO'S

It is attached to Johnny Antonelli and

MANAGERS claim pitching is 75% of a baseball club. If this is true, a good-looking, durable, 24-year-old left-hander named John August Antonelli can lay claim to being almost 20% of the New York Giants this year. The statistics credit Antonelli with approximately one-fourth of the victories won by the Giants in their surprising run for the National League pennant. It doesn't take a mathematician to figure out that the midwinter trade with the Milwaukee Braves which brought him to New York was chiefly responsible for making a potential flag winner out of a fifth-place club and a star out of a $65,000 question mark.

There are other factors, of course. Willie Mays' spectacular assault on fences figures largely in the winning formula. So does Leo Durocher's smart managing, and a team in which the elements of attack and defense are nicely blended. But in so far as any one man can be singled out for major credit, Antonelli is the man.

By all rights he should not even be in New York these days; he should long since have choked to death, figuratively, on the golden spoon which baseball thrust into his mouth when he adopted it as his professional career. He was a bonus baby after his graduation from high school in Rochester, N.Y., with $65,000 from Lou Perini, president of the Braves (then of Boston), and a contract that prevented him from ever playing in the minor leagues. Bonus babies rarely last, and Antonelli seemed well along a short, if money-laden, road to oblivion. Only an unusual combination of fortuitous circumstances and a level-headed personality saved him from this fate.

ONCE IN A GENERATION

Antonelli is one of those naturals who come along about once in a generation. At the age of 24, when most

FIREBALLING JOHNNY hides the ball midway in delivery during win over Dodgers. He credits remarkable 1954 record to his new change-up pitch.

GOLDEN LEFT ARM

it has pitched Durocher's Giants from nowhere to the leadership of the National League

by DAN PARKER

pitchers are still learning their trade in the minors, Johnny, who never played a game in organized baseball outside of the majors, is a finished craftsman, blazing the way for all big-league moundsmen. At the end of August, his 20–3 record was the best of the year and his 2.29 earned-run average topped the National League.

Six-feet-one-and-one-half inches tall and weighing 185 pounds, Johnny is ideally built for a pitcher. He is highly intelligent and of calm disposition as well, with none of the instability attributed to left-handers, and that goes for his control as well as his temperament. Starting out with speed and a tireless arm, he developed a good curve in high school, and this year added a deadly change of pace to his repertoire. Frankie Frisch, the old National Leaguer now doing a television program from the Polo Grounds, calls Johnny's change-up the best in baseball.

What amazes old-timers is that he has mastered the pitch so early in his promising career.

Johnny is not as easily impressed. He is inclined to look upon his success as a natural development. "The fact that I was one more year experienced probably accounts for everything," he said recently. He also reminds late comers that he was out for five weeks last year with pneumonia. Despite this, Antonelli had a 12–12 record last season and the fifth best earned-run mark in the National League.

'I KEPT WORKING'

"This summer," he reports, "my health has been perfect. What's my best pitch? The one that's working best that particular day. My change of pace has helped me a lot though. I kept working at it all season, trying different motions on the pitch until I finally got it. Coach Frank Shellenback helped me a lot. In fact everyone has been good to me."

Johnny is riding on a rose-tinted cloud this season. Every move in his career that seemed to be for the worse has turned out for the better. His $20,000-plus salary is sure to be boosted at contract-signing time after his remarkable season with the Giants, in addition to which there is the strong possibility of a World Series cut. And all this came after Johnny thought he was being dealt out of one when the red-hot Braves traded him to the ill-favored Giants.

"I felt funny at first about being traded," he confesses, "especially after all that hoopla at Milwaukee last season. But I can tell you now, I've never been happier in baseball. Not many guys are as lucky as I've been."

Sal Maglie, the saturnine veteran of the Giants' pitching staff, has been Johnny's pal and adviser ever since he joined the club. They knew each other previously as upstate New Yorkers. Sal has told him all he knows about National League batters, which is considerable. Stan Musial is the toughest batter Johnny has to face. "When a hit means something, he's poison," says Antonelli. "As a matter of fact, the whole Cardinal team gives me trouble."

However, trouble is a word that seems foreign to Antonelli's pitching. Five of the 20 victories Johnny had scored up to the end of August were shutouts. He has beaten every rival club. Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, whom he vanquished five times each, are his cousins in the baseball sense of the word. The Phillies won two out of five against him but these were early season games in which Johnny actually wasn't responsible for the defeats. Twice out of three times he turned back his old club, the Braves. He won two each over the Cubs and the Cards and one over the Dodgers. In only three of his 20 winning performances did Johnny need help in the late innings from relief pitchers.

Manager Durocher, who hand-picked Johnny when the deal with Milwaukee was proposed, lavishes all the ecstasy he can spare from Willie Mays on "Aunt Nelly" as the gang has dubbed Johnny.

"His victories speak for themselves," said Leo. "He's just great. But when I am speaking of Antonelli, I'm thinking of him in the clubhouse, on the plane, in the dugout, hotel lobby, bus or anywhere the team assembles. What a personality he is to have around! Everybody goes for him. He likes to be with the gang, and that sort of situation is healthy for a club. He's like Willie that way—not exactly in the same manner, of course, because Johnny's quieter. But Johnny is sharp with a pun—a happy guy."

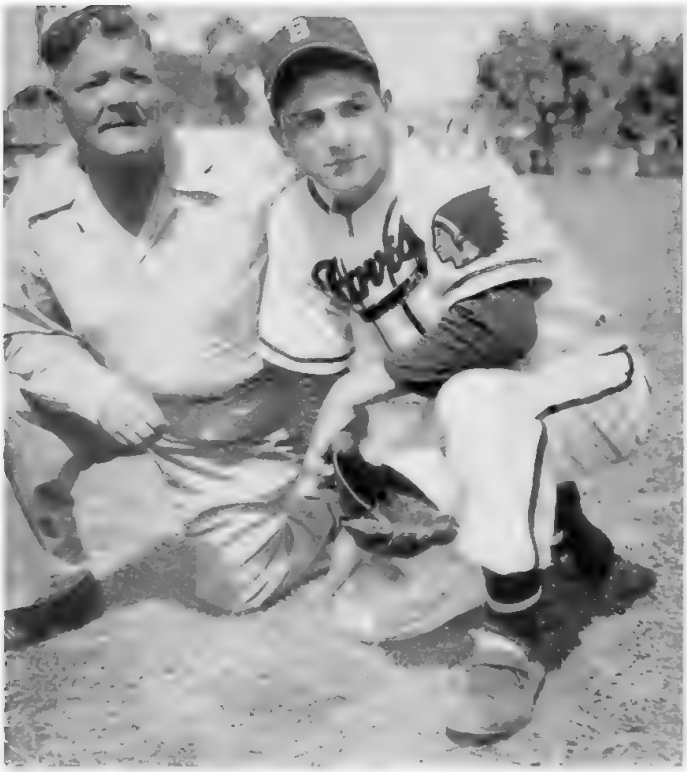
ANTONELLI'S RECORD THROUGH SEPT. 1

DATE	TEAM	SCORE	PITCHER
April 15	Philadelphia	0-2•	Dickson
April 20	Pittsburgh	6-2	La Palme
April 25	Philadelphia	5-0	Dickson
May 8	Pittsburgh	2-1	Law
May 12	Cincinnati	2-1	Perkowski
May 16	Milwaukee	9-2	Burdette
May 21	Philadelphia	1-8•	Roberts
May 25	Pittsburgh	21-4	Purkey
June 5	Cincinnati	7-0	Perkowski
June 9	Milwaukee	4-0	Spahn
June 17	Cincinnati	2-1	Fowler
June 26	Chicago	6-4	Klippstein
June 30	Brooklyn	5-2	Erskine
July 5	Philadelphia	10-0	Wehmeier
July 9	Pittsburgh	6-3	La Palme
July 20	Cincinnati	2 1	Smith
July 28	St. Louis	10 0	Poholsky
Aug. 1	Cincinnati	9-4	Smith
Aug 6	Milwaukee	5-6•	Conley
Aug. 10	Pittsburgh	2-1	Littlefield
Aug. 17	Philadelphia	8-3	Simmons
Aug 26	Chicago	2-1	Rush
Aug 31	St. Louis	4-1	Jones

•Games Lost

A SPORTING FAMILY

If ever blood lines destined a man for the life of an athlete, Johnny's should have. His father, August Antonelli, who arrived in America from Abruzzi, Italy, at the age of 14, played amateur baseball with a Syracuse team in the New York Central Railroad League. Johnny's mother was a high school badminton instructor. His older brother, Anthony, played football at Bowling Green College in the mid-40s, and a sister, Lucy, was a member of a Rochester girls' basketball team. Johnny himself earned letters in baseball, football and basket-



PROUD PAPA ANTONELLI POSES WITH SON IN 1949 AT BRAVES' SPRING CAMP

ball at Jefferson High, but he was at his best on the diamond even in his pre-high school softball days. In three years on the school varsity nine, he won 13 games, lost one and tied one, pitched three no-hit shutouts and struck out 231 batters in 103 innings. Summers, he pitched for one Flower City Legion nine in Rochester.

When he was 15 years old, the St. Louis Cardinals screened Johnny out of a tryout school of 101 hopefuls at their Rochester farm club. The Cards offered to send him through college if his father would sign an agreement giving them inclusive rights to his services as a professional after graduation. That's when shrewd August Antonelli, by that time a successful railroad contractor, launched one of the most successful sales campaigns on record. He politely declined the Cards' offer and for the next three years acted as his son's campaign manager, press agent and sales representative. He made Johnny the best-known high school baseball player in America.

No press agent ever had a more cooperative client. In 1947 Johnny started an ivory rush on Rochester by major league scouts when he pitched two seven-inning no-hitters in a row for his American Legion club. The Chicago Cubs offered $35,000 after seeing the tireless lad strike out 20 men in a game. The Yankees, Giants, Dodgers, Red Sox and Braves were all after him.

A FLAT NO FOR LEO

But Papa Antonelli had time to consider all comers while waiting for Johnny to graduate from school, and he adopted a policy of playing one club against the other. The only offer he turned down flatly was that of the Brooklyn Dodgers, conveyed by Leo Durocher, Johnny's present boss, who was then managing Brooklyn. It seems someone had warned August not to have anything to do with Brooklyn—and is Leo glad now!

During both spring training seasons in 1947 and 1948, Papa Antonelli toured the Florida training camps, armed with Johnny's scrapbook. Bob Feller of the Indians spent an hour poring over it and expressed unfeigned astonishment over his feats.

"When I was his age," he told Owner Bill Veeck, "I didn't have any such record as this." Then Bob made August beam: "My dad was just like you. Johnny is lucky to have a father with his son's career at heart."

A few days after Johnny received his diploma, Papa Antonelli's campaign reached its climax. He invited every major league club to send a representative to a bidding contest unique in baseball annals. Eighteen scouts gathered at the Antonelli home for an Italian dinner, after which they adjourned to the Rochester Red Wings' ball park where Johnny made all his papa's superlatives seem like lame apologies. He pitched a no-hit, no-run game for the Rochester All-Stars against the Brockport Barons and struck out 17. When the clamor had subsided, George Toporcer, representing the Boston Red Sox, bid $50,000 for Johnny. Papa carried the offer to Owner Perini of the Braves whom he had softened up earlier in the year in Florida. Perini had resolved to top all other bids. The record books say he paid $65,000 for Johnny.

The price tag caused raised eyebrows, but the stipulation Papa Antonelli insisted upon having inserted in Johnny's contract was unique: he was not to be farmed out. For a high school boy contemplating a major league baseball career, this should have been the kiss of death. Minor league training is to a ball player what medical college is to a physician.

VINEGAR IN THE SHORTCAKE

When the Rochester stripling joined the Braves, he found himself treated like a plague-carrier. That bonus publicity was vinegar in the veterans' strawberry shortcake. His new teammates saw in Johnny's windfall the equivalent of 15 World Series shares they hoped to get (and did) the following October, and were dissatisfied. Manager Billy Southworth was none too pleased either. Furthermore, in the middle of a red-hot pennant drive young Antonelli couldn't be entrusted with ball games. Johnny sat out a painful summer on the bench and pitched only four innings.

His experience with the Braves during the next two seasons wasn't much more encouraging. If Johnny weren't a young man of unusual intelligence, courage and common sense, he might have decided to take up railroad work or something else less complicated than baseball. Manager Southworth used him now and then, but between the nows and thens were ordeals of idleness—six weeks on one occasion. Johnny won three and lost seven in 1949 when he got into 22 games. His only consolation outside of occasional flash-

continued on page 58

THE WAY A WILDCAT FIGHTS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOE VAN WORMER

A WILDCAT, for whom a mouse is not too small or a deer too big to kill, lives by stealth and savagery. Men hunt this 25-pound bobtailed hellion from ocean to ocean for sport and to preserve game from its depredations.

Recently two western hunters, Sam Shaver and Wilfred Jossy of Bend, Ore., put down Shaver's dogs in the hills beyond town in the hope of running a cat. There was a new track in the morning freshness, and the hound, Speck, quickly gave tongue. Bonny, an Airedale, followed in whining excitement. The hunters hurried after them.

Sometimes the quarry escapes, but in this instance it was "bayed" in a tree. When the hunters caught up to the dogs, Shaver, who is a government trapper, drew his pistol and tried to make a clean kill. He failed and the cat, only slightly wounded, leaped to the ground (*below*). For what happened next see the following pages.

WITH THE CAT AT BAY, BONNY THE AIREDALE (LEFT) TRIES A FEINT WHILE SPECK HOWLS FROM A SAFER DISTANCE

THE ENEMIES SQUARE OFF, WITH BONNY PREPARED TO SPRING AND BITE

TOO FAST FOR THE CAMERA, BONNY HAS JUMPED IN AND TOSSED HER ADVERSARY

PRESSING THE FIGHT—AIREDALES ARE FAMED "ATTACK" DOGS—BONNY HITS AGAIN

STILL DANGEROUS, THE BOBCAT SWINGS A TALONED PAW IN COURAGEOUS DEFIANCE

THE BOBCAT'S MOMENT OF FURY ENDS IN THE DUST WHERE IT BEGAN AS SHAVER, JOSSY AND BONNY HEAD FOR HOME

HIGH HIMALAYAN SWEEPSTAKES

DR. CHARLES S. HOUSTON of Exeter, N.H., a leading U.S. mountaineer, began his climbing career on Mont Blanc at the age of 11. A member of the successful climb of Nanda Devi, he led two attempts to scale K2, in 1938 and 1953. Co-author William H. White of the SI staff accompanied last year's party.

This summer more than 100 mountain climbers from nine nations have pitted their minds, hearts and bodies against 13 of the most formidable peaks of the world. The crowning achievement was that of the Italian expedition which scaled 28,250-foot K2, the second highest summit on earth in this, the beginning of the Golden Age of Himalayan Mountain Climbing

by **DR. CHARLES S. HOUSTON** and **WILLIAM H. WHITE**

Great things are done when men and mountains meet;
This is not done by jostling in the street.

William Blake

MANY men from many nations accomplished great deeds this summer in the Himalayas, mightiest mountains of the world. Some men died. Many others were injured. Only a few succeeded in their attempts for the summit.

The greatest victory of the season belongs to the 17-man Italian team, led by Prof. Ardito Desio, which scaled K2, the world's second highest peak. For almost three months the Italians battled this sheer, storm-swept mountain of black rock, ice and snow. When they pushed two men to its lonely 28,250-foot summit on July 31 they won where five other expeditions had failed. Theirs was indeed a magnificent achievement.

One might think that with the conquest of Mt. Everest last year the ultimate goal of all mountaineering had been achieved—a sort of climb to end all climbing. But quite the contrary. Partly stimulated by the ascent of Everest to be sure, but mostly because climbing a Himalayan peak represents the acme of all mountain climbers' dreams, a record number of expeditions are challenging the world's highest peaks.

Besides the Italians on K2, 11 other expeditions from eight countries have been in action this summer. The British tackled the third highest mountain, 28,146-foot Kanchenjunga. Americans were on Makalu, fifth among the hierarchy of kings and never before attempted. The Argentines assaulted 26,811-foot Dhaulagiri, the Japanese 26,658-foot Manaslu and 24,299-foot Ganesh Himal. The Russians tried Mt. Revolution, a 22,910 footer on the Soviet-Afghan border. Two parties chose Rakaposhi, one German-Austrian, the other British. A second Italian team attacked Mt. Api, and another Austrian combination chose Saipal. Sir Edmund Hillary, last year's conqueror of Everest, returned to that area with a New Zealand team to explore, map and climb. Finally there was the London *Daily Mail* party, pressing a four-month quest for the elusive Abominable Snow Man.

Within the next few weeks five more expeditions will begin their attacks. A German team will move against Lhotse, fourth highest summit in the world. More Austrians will try 26,867-foot Cho Oyu. The British hope to conquer Annapurna, a Franco-Swiss team will assault Guari Shankar and another British group goes to Saipal.

To today's mountain climber, the Himalayas are what the Alps were a century ago. It was the year 1854 that John Ruskin, author, philosopher and critic, hailed as the birth of "The Golden Age of Alpine Climbing." Until then only the highest peak—15,781-foot Mont Blanc—and a handful of smaller summits had been climbed. The following summers were filled with weeks of sunny, settled weather and climbers from all of Europe swarmed over the Alps making dozens of "first ascents."

All of the summits were soon conquered and a peak which once had been hailed as "the most difficult climb" soon became "an easy day for a lady." While tourists choked the conventional routes, the expert climbers tried new routes up more difficult precipices.

CLIMBING IS IN THEIR BLOOD

It was inevitable that men who climb because climbing is in their blood should be drawn irresistibly to the Himalayas. This year Himalayan climbing is on a scale never before seen. Expeditions have become veritable task forces—the Italians on K2 had 11 climbers, six scientists, a score of native guides and hundreds of porters. With all this activity, the Himalayas sound as crowded as a summer weekend in the Alps. It might seem that these expeditions would be jostling each other on the slopes. Actually, there is plenty of room.

The Himalayas are a Gargantuan range which stretches in a majestic arc more than 1,500 miles across south

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HIGH HIMALAYAN SWEEPSTAKES *continued*

Asia. Youngest of the world's great ranges in geologic time, the Himalayas have shorter but not less imposing satellites: the Hundu Kush, Pamira, Karakoram, Ladahk and Pir Panjal—to name a few—which twist across the main range like turned sod in a carelessly ploughed field (*map below*).

These ranges are crowned by some 70 peaks that are higher than all others of the world, and they boast 1,100 more that tower above 20,000 feet. Less than 100 of these peaks have been climbed. Some lie in Communist-dominated Tibet and Turkistan and are thus not accessible at the moment to Western climbers. Most, however, are in hospitable Pakistan and India or in Nepal, a country which only recently began to encourage explorers.

Why have the Himalayas defied so

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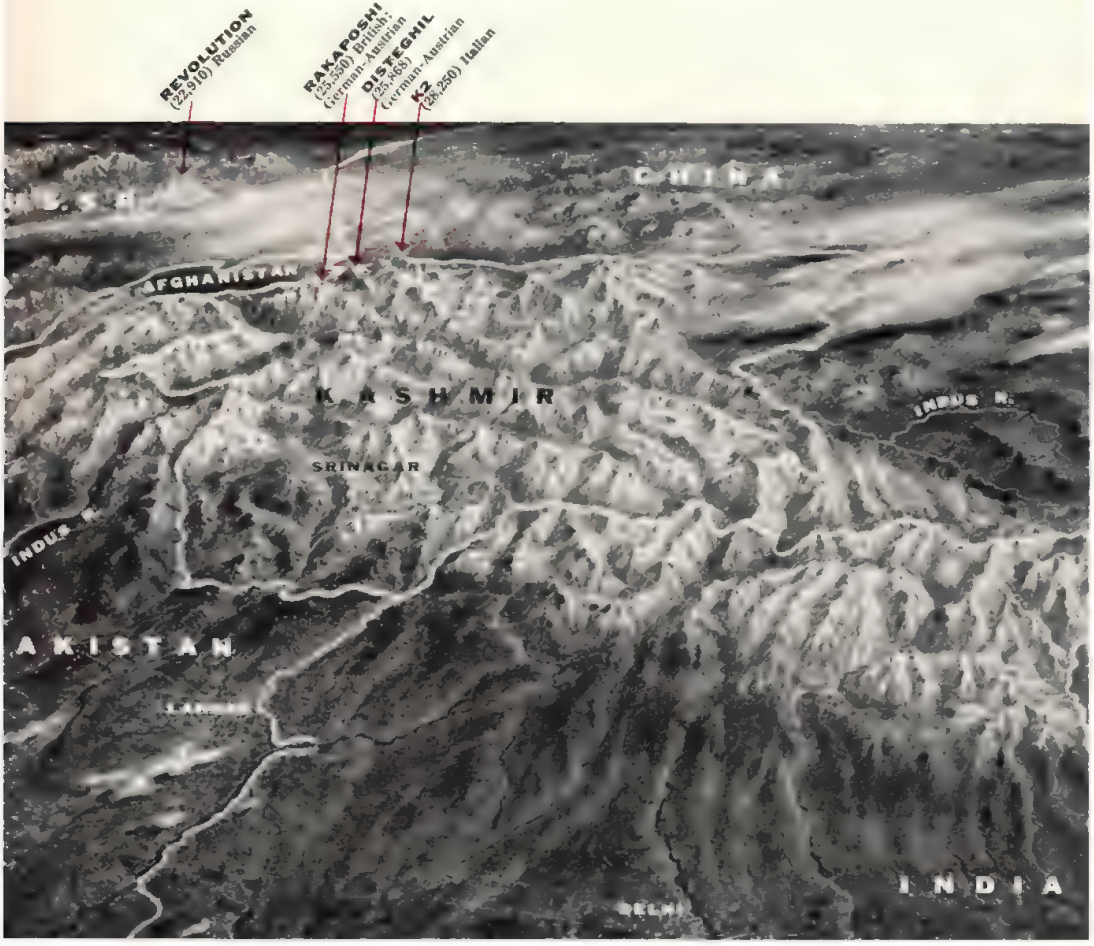
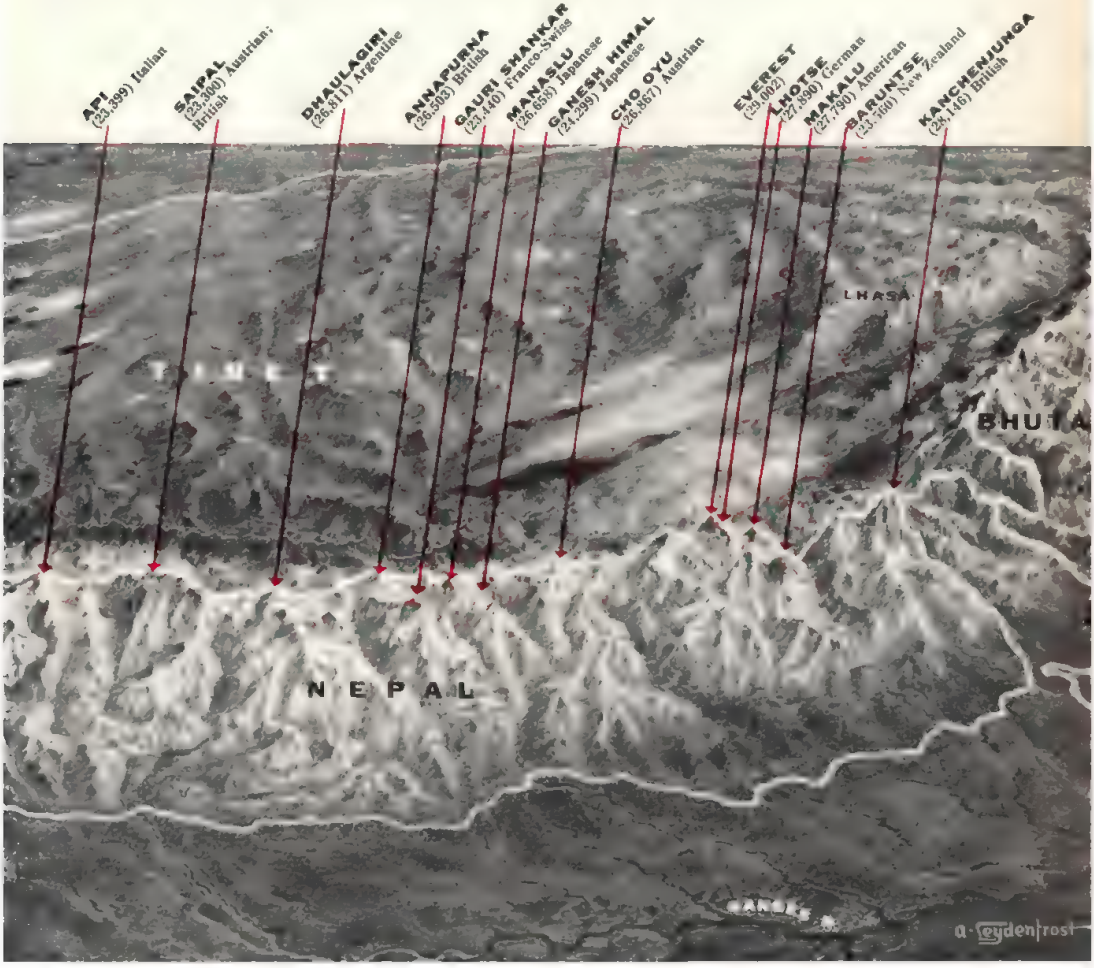
CONQUERORS OF K2, led by 57-year-old Professor Ardito Desio (*standing, fifth from left*), set off for the Karakoram with the year's largest expedition: 11 climbers, six scientists, 20 native guides, 500 porters, 13 tons of supplies and "enough rope to tie K2 up like a package." For 76 days, the climbers inched up the longest continuously steep climb in the world. Icy wind froze breath on bearded faces; loosened rock ricocheted like shrapnel down the slope with each step. At 19,000 feet, one climber died of pneumonia. At 23,000 feet, the entire party was close to exhaustion from the altitude and blinding storms. Then the weather cleared. Two men established Camp Nine, 1,750 feet from the top. With three tanks of oxygen the two set out at 5 a.m. For the next 12 hours they clawed up that final heartbreaking, icy slope. Then their oxygen gave out. But with the empty tanks still strapped to their backs, they blindly stumbled on. A tortuous hour later, on an icy, wind-swept area that could have held 100 men, two Italians, ravaged with frostbite, jubilant in victory, stood on the summit of the second highest mountain of the world.



OTHER CLIMBERS of unconquered summits included *(left to right* the Austrians on Saipal, Japanese on Manaslu and Americans on Makalu. All three failed in their attempts. Tragedy unexpectedly struck the eight-man team led by 45-year-old Viennese physician Rudolf Jonas. At 20,000 feet, one of the strongest climbers developed pneumonia and died before he could be carried down. The party regrouped, but unending snowstorms stymied any further assault.

A Himalayan hazard of quite another sort beset the 14-man Japanese attempt to climb their 26,658-foot objective. Like most inhabitants of Nepal, the natives below Manaslu believe that their gods live on the mountain top, not to be disturbed by human intrusion. Earlier this year, the valley below the peak was ravaged by drought and avalanche, and the people blamed the Japanese reconnaissance party of the previous year. When the climbers returned this spring, they were barred by natives armed with clubs and stones. The expedition wisely withdrew and tried a new peak, 24,299-foot Ganesh Himal, where their reception—by the natives at least—was more favorable. But bad weather defeated this second try.

The American team of 10 California climbers, 20 Sherpas and 250 Nepalese porters, led by Dr. William E. Siri of the University of California, made the second highest bid of the year. Makalu is the world's fifth loftiest summit, and one never before attempted. But at 23,000 feet, prolonged heavy snowfall forced them to retreat. Though none of the Americans had ever climbed in the Himalayas, they maintained the year's best safety record: no casualties, not even frostbite.



NEAR CASUALTY was Sir Edmund Hillary, last year's conqueror of Everest. During the exhausting rescue of James McFarlane who fell 60 feet down a crevasse at 20,000 feet, Hillary broke three ribs. McFarlane lost all of his toes from frostbite. Said Hillary later, "Climbing the Himalayas is dangerous business. They must be treated with considerable respect."

DEFEATED BRITON, G.C.G. Lewis, member of a small team, attempted to find a feasible route up Kanchenjunga. Gigantic towers of ice bar the lower approaches. Further up, devastating avalanches are a constant menace, and the 28,146-foot summit is sheathed in ice. The third highest mountain, it is often considered the most formidable peak in the world.

FATAL ILLNESS claimed Argentine's foremost climber, Francisco Ibanez, whose group nearly won Dhaulagiri. Crippled by frostbite, he stayed alone at high camp for two days until carried down. During the 16-day trek through monsoon-drenched, leech-infested jungle, his toes were amputated. He later died of pneumonia in a Nepalese hospital.

HARDEST HIT of all expeditions was the small Italian party on Mt. Api in northwestern Nepal. Three of the four climbers died. Sole survivor was Himalaya-wise 71-year-old Piero Ghiglione, the leader. One man drowned in a raging glacial stream before reaching the mountain. Another collapsed and died of exposure during a blinding storm. The third, after reaching the summit, disappeared. His body was never found.

HIGH HIMALAYAN SWEEPSTAKES *continued*

many attempts by man? Peaks in the Alps demand more technical skill. The storms that lash the Himalayas are severe, but those of the Arctic are just as ferocious. The temperature seldom drops lower than that of Colorado in the winter. What makes the Himalayas deadly is that the wind, the cold and the precipitous slopes are all combined against a climber at an altitude which already has stripped him of strength, lowered his resistance to fatal pneumonia and left him gasping for thin, bitter air.

Take Kanchenjunga, third highest mountain in the world, for example. Called the showplace of the Himalayas, this peak can be seen from Darjeeling jutting its beautiful yet menacing head above the skyline. Actually, Kanchenjunga is not one, but a spectacular cluster of five summits. The highest soars 28,146 feet high.

Many men have attempted this giant; all have failed. In 1929 and 1931 the Bavarians proved Kanchenjunga's terrors. Paul Bauer, the leader, wrote of their ordeal: "On the crest of a spur towered successive mushroom-shaped pinnacles, one above the other. At least five of these, each 20 to 30 feet high, had to be demolished. Every blow had to be carefully struck, each was a real technique itself. We were poised like wild animals, crouching beneath the cornices, balancing between earth and sky, sometimes on the party's respective heads, to try to avoid a simultaneous fall when the overhang collapsed."

DEATH AND DEFEAT

Despite the deaths of two members of the party, who plunged into an abyss, the Bavarians inched up Kanchenjunga until they reached an altitude of 26,220 feet. But they found the final slope crusted with ice and blanketed with nearly two feet of powdered snow. It was so steep and so dangerous that any attempt to go higher would have loosened hundreds of tons of avalanche. With victory within handgrasp, the Bavarians were forced to turn back—defeated.

Problems no less imposing faced the Italians on 28,250-foot K2 (*color opposite*). Just to reach the foot of this peak requires a tortuous two-week march through barren wasteland, across raging streams and over a treacherous glacier. Once at the base you are 16,500 feet above sea level, higher than any point in the United States. Even at this altitude your muscles ache and your head throbs for lack of oxygen.

Before you looms a menacing pyramid of black rock, bristling with razor-sharp ridges and rocky barbs, which rises almost vertically to the snow-capped crown two miles high. To attempt such a giant, a series of camps, each within a day's climb of the next, must be carved out of sheer wall and stocked with enough food and equipment to maintain a party in case of a storm.

Above 25,000 feet the line between life and death is thin and poorly drawn. Senses are dulled by lack of oxygen. Your vision is blurred. Your legs seem to be frozen to the ground. Every action, every thought, becomes a monu-

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STRUGGLE TO → CLIMB HIGHER

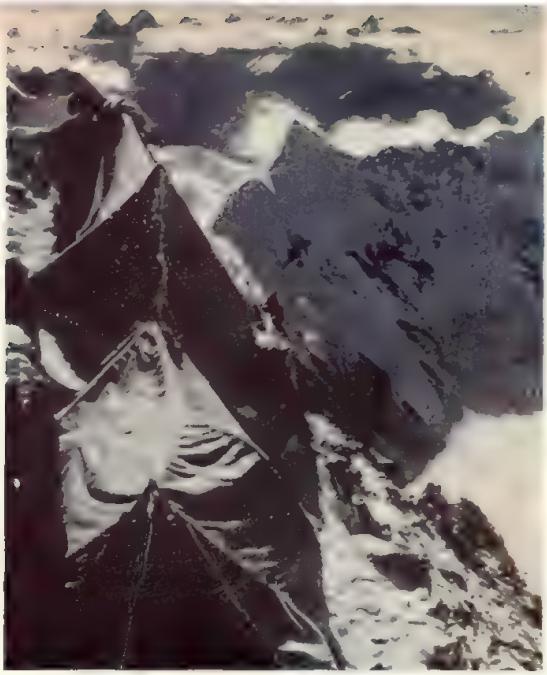
Five miles high, the lonely climber precariously clings to rock which often crumbles under his stiff frozen hands. One misstep could send him 7,000 feet to instant death. His battle for survival is relentless. He must thread through the barrier of crevassed glacial ice just to reach the foot of the mountain. Once there, he then must fight every inch of the way to reach the summit. Weather, altitude and terrain are the mountain's defenses. And the giant seldom drops its guard. Gale-force storms try to sweep men from the slopes. Oxygenless altitude numbs his brain to the ever-present dangers. Falling rock and avalanches menace every move.

The following eight pages of color taken by members of Dr. Houston's 1953 expedition to K2 dramatically illustrate the task and show that challenging the great peaks of the Himalayas is not for the faint of heart.

The trek to the foot of a great Himalayan peak is a perilous venture in itself. The approach is barred by an ever-writhing sea of ice. Climbers laden with 50-pound packs of food and equipment inch across rumbling, restless, frozen waterfalls that sweep down from distant peaks *left*, some of them tower two miles above the valley floor. Constant pressure

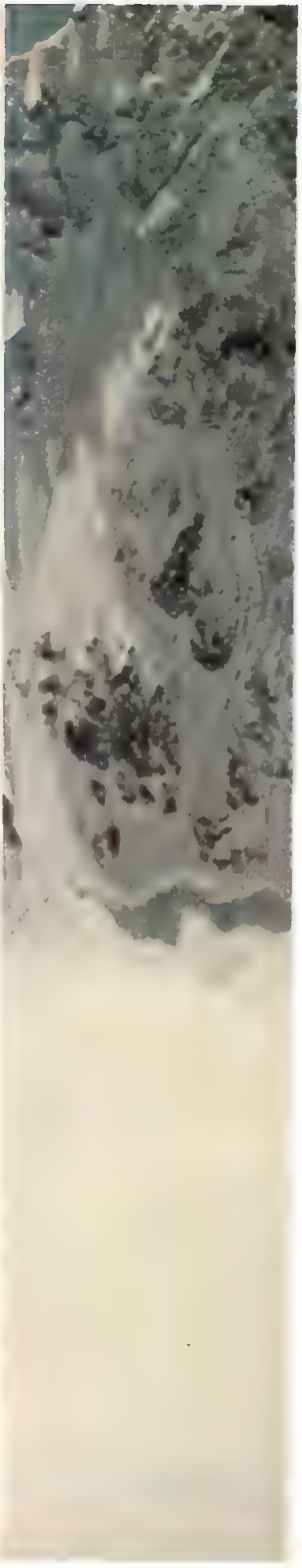
of ice and snow daily gouges new crevasses hundreds of feet deep and up to 50 feet wide. There is no semblance of life, but there is ample evidence of death. The frozen bodies of migratory birds, killed while trying to fly high passes during violent storms, dot the ice field. No map can lead a mountain climber through this icy graveyard.

The climb up an overhanging gendarme (rock pinnacle) 80 feet high is like trying to scale a Gothic church steeple. The fractured rock offers only ice-crusted handholds but skilled mountaineers find this challenge exhilarating. Falls from such treacherous spots are rare – the danger is too obvious to permit carelessness.



Two-man tents, which often house four climbers and their supplies, perch precariously on four-by-seven-foot platforms built up with frozen rock. During storms, men huddle in mummy-shaped sleeping bags for days while winds buffet the canvas and scour the slope.

Blizzards and subfreezing temperatures strike bundled climbers who may have been sweltering in shirt sleeves under the blazing sun less than a half hour earlier. Since the mountain climbing season lasts only a few weeks, the band of men must press blindly on.



Gargantuan avalanches thunder down from all peaks after a heavy snowfall. Under the weight of fresh snow, a chunk of ice the size of a city block suddenly wrenches free from the frozen heights. A roar shatters the stillness as hundreds of tons of ice slide slowly over the brink and plummet thousands of feet to the glacier below, tearing snow, rock and more ice from the mountainside. Any living thing within a half mile faces suffocating annihilation.

On steep pitch roped climbers chop foot holds in the ice and snow. Above 20,000 feet no one really enjoys climbing. Each step demands monumental effort. Straining lungs gasp for thin, bitter air, the senses are dulled to any danger. The climber is like a sick man walking in a dream.

This grim face, *tanned by sun rays,* shows another hazard of climbing.

Up marble buttress expedition hoists gear on an aerial tramway. To launch an attack on the summit, a series of six to eight camps are established and stocked, each within a day's climb of the next. The highest must be within 1,200 feet of the top so that two men can make a final dash and return in one day without suffering frostbite or death from exposure.

The summit is but a symbol of success, to the climber the effort to reach this goal is more important. What remains after the days of numbing cold, screaming winds, agonizing thirst, aching bodies, ravishing frostbite and ever-yawning death are the unforgettable images of icy splendor, the knowledge that once again man has gone beyond his supposed limits and in this struggle has proved himself more worthy. These are the rewards which call climbers back to the mountains.

mental effort. If taken from sea level directly to this height, you would lose consciousness in less than seven minutes and die within half an hour. But during the weeks of painful climbing up a mountain, the body gradually adjusts. The effects of altitude, of course, are removed when you breathe from tanks of oxygen; the climber, in effect, becomes his sea-level self. Many mountaineers regarded such use of oxygen on Everest last year as unsporting.

But the great imponderable that defeats all but a few expeditions is the weather. Only during a few short weeks in the late spring or early autumn do climbers dare invade the Himalayas. From early November to March, the peaks are lashed with icy storms in which no human could survive. During the summer, the monsoons sweep hot, rain-filled clouds from the far-off Bay of Bengal and blanket the entire area with billions of tons of loose snow.

Usually the monsoon has spent its force on the main part of the Himalayas near Everest before reaching K2 in the Karakoram, a thousand miles north and west. Thus the climbing season there is generally later and longer than on Everest.

Last year, however, our entire party of eight climbers was caught in a savage storm at 25,500 feet. For 10 days we huddled in our tiny camp, just 2,500 feet below our goal, while wind-driven snow flailed our tents. Each time we tried to light stoves for a hot meal or to melt snow for water the flapping fabric snuffed out the flames. We lived on cold meat bars and a mixture of jam, powdered milk and snow. The altitude and dehydration took its toll. Toward the end of the storm we were forced to carry down one of our members who was mortally ill. During that nightmarish descent, we lost him and nearly lost ourselves in a fall and an avalanche.

This year, the Italian party, led by Professor Desio, profited by our experience and entered the area a full five weeks earlier. They still found deep, almost impassable snow on the march to base camp. And once on the mountain, the weather almost succeeded in defeating their attempt.

How do mountain expeditions start? How are the climbers chosen? Where does the money for such a gigantic undertaking come from? Some parties, like Professor Desio's, are big business, organized and directed by committees with large staffs and huge measures of money and supplies. In Europe, mountaineering clubs which have 10 or 20 thousand members finance such a party; unlike the United States, most European governments will bear a large share of the expense. Desio had nearly $175,000 before he left Italy.

Other expeditions begin with one or two enthusiastic climbers who inspire a handful of friends and beg or borrow money, food and equipment. On such a shoestring they set off against a giant. This year's American party to Makalu was such a group, sponsored and organized by the Sierra Club in California. Their total expense was $30,000.

Mountaineers come from all walks of life. There have been painters, printers, beekeepers, ski instructors, business men and writers—but lawyers, doctors and teachers predominate. Many begin by scrambling in quarries or on cliffs near home, soon graduating to our Rockies, the Alps and finally to bigger, more challenging mountains. For the highest climbs, character and personality mean more than outstanding skill. What a man *is* counts more than what he has done.

The Golden Age of Himalayan climbing is now beginning. Barring unforeseen political upheavals, more and more climbing will be done. There are hundreds of virgin peaks to scale, thousands of square miles never before seen by man to be explored and mapped. In the rush to conquer new heights, it should not be forgotten that climbing is not, or should not be, a competitive sport. Climbing is a way of life, a rededication of oneself to nature in her grandest form. Said Mallory, referring to the conquest of Everest, "Have we vanquished an enemy? None but ourselves. Have we gained success? That word means nothing here."

1954 HIMALAYAN BOX SCORE

Expeditions that have completed their climbs

NATIONALITY	PEAK & HEIGHT	RESULT	DEATHS
AMERICAN	Makalu, 27,790	failure	0
ARGENTINE	Dhaulagiri, 26,811	failure	1
AUSTRIAN	Saipal, 23,300	failure	1
BRITISH	"Snowman"	failure	0
BRITISH	Kanchenjunga, 28,146	reconnaissance	0
BRITISH	Rakaposhi, 25,550	reconnaissance	0
GERMAN-AUSTRIAN	Rakaposhi, 25,550	failure	1
	Disteghil, 25,868	failure	0
	Unnamed peak, 23,900	success	0
ITALIAN	Api, 23,399	success	3
ITALIAN	K2, 28,250	success	1
JAPANESE	Manaslu, 26,658	failure	0
	Ganesh Himal, 24,299	failure	0
NEW ZEALAND	Baruntse, 23,560	success	0
RUSSIAN	Revolution, 22,910	success	0

Expeditions that are beginning their climbs

AUSTRIAN	Cho Oyu, 26,867		
BRITISH	Annapurna, 26,503		
BRITISH	Saipal, 23,300		
FRANCO-SWISS	Gauri Shankar, 23,440		
GERMAN	Lhotse, 27,890		

FREEDOM UNDERSEAS

There's a submarine feud abrewing between skin divers and anglers

by PHILIP WYLIE

A WAR has been brewing for some time in the world of marine sports. So far it has involved nothing more serious than border incidents and guerrilla raids. But as more and more people purchase and employ equipment for skin diving, more and more conventional anglers are becoming frustrated and infuriated.

The reason is a simple and familiar one to commercial fishermen; it has led (in their case) to international scraps and even to wars. Skin divers and goggle fishermen seek catches in person, under water. They are naturally attracted to those places where fish of the largest size occur in the greatest numbers. Just as naturally, such regions—bays, reefs, inlets, submerged wrecks and the like—have long since been staked out by hook-and-line anglers, who are likewise interested in catching something. The question is, who gets the fish?

Obviously it is disturbing to conventional salt-water anglers to rise early in the morning, travel for some hours by oar or motor to a favorite spot for grouper, amberjack, striped bass or whatever, and find the region infested with deep-swimming college boys—even, perhaps, with a gorgeous blonde or two, flippering along fathoms down with canisters of compressed air fastened to pretty shoulders and long sharp spears clenched in tapered mitts.

The presence of people, male or female, *amidst* the intended quarry is distressful. Fish sought in their own element are not in a mood to take baits lowered through a layer of pursuing swimmers.

FOULING UP THE FISHING

Skin diving, which is increasingly popular in the younger set, is thought by them to be a brand-new discovery. Some of us old-timers, however, chased big fish to their lairs beneath the sea with no more than home-made weapons and a pair of tight-fitting goggles before the mechanized divers of this era were even born. We discovered, way back then, that a single dive can foul up plain fishing for an hour—or even for the rest of the day. Moreover, we were not able to make long dives with the aid of compressed air; our excursions were limited by the time we could hold a breath.

The growing and hot-tempered question then concerns rights. Have classical fishermen any right to drive off or forbid skin divers to invade their grounds? Are gogglemen and gogglewomen entitled to move in on a contentedly anchored still-fisherman, or one engaged in localized trolling, and scare his quarry to cover where the underwater swimmer, unlike the angler, may still pry it out?

For the past two seasons, skin diving has posed other and even more anxious questions in certain fish-rich regions. The officials on the island of Bimini, in the British West Indies, have begun to ponder the need of new laws. The principal revenues of that island, like the revenues of many similar places, derive from sports fishing—conventional, not submarine. Skin divers, however numerous, would never make up in island profits the sums spent by seekers of tuna, marlin, makos and reef species. Because the divers vex and frustrate big-paying customers, Bimini has a commercial problem.

It has a still more anxious quandary. Should ambitious explorers of the deeps be protected *from themselves*? In Bimini, skin divers have been hurt —seriously—after spearing small but vengeful sharks and rays. Many Bahamian guides assert that the submarine stalkers who invade the Gulf Stream are taking risks they do not appreciate. No one seems to know yet, for example, how a mako shark would react to a man dressed in shorts and a cylinder of air. Bimini skin divers have not yet come face to face with a big blue marlin—but one of them, someday, surely will. There is evidence that marlin gore one another; how will they feel about Joe Frogman?

Deep-sea divers, the skin wizards reply, have been invading such waters for ages without harm. That is not quite true: some men working in diving suits have been hurt by fish. And none of the industrial divers go under the sea to *attack* fish. Fish are aware of their adversary when attacked—and inclined to take a dim, even hostile, view of same. So there is a faction in Bimini that opposes skin diving on the ground that it represents a foolhardy risk.

It is this writer's opinion—after long and fairly considerable experience in both fields—that some areas of the sea are too dangerous for skin divers and should be taboo. It is also his opinion that a rule of "first come, first served" should apply to all fishing grounds—that no fish hunter or seeker ought to molest, drive away or interfere with another who is established in a given sport or area.

REGULATIONS ARE NEEDED

Skin diving in its newest form is a growing and exhilarating sport; it is also proving a boon to several sciences —including, oddly enough, archaeology. Its exponents may eventually abandon the spear for the camera—thus doubling their hobby and perhaps quadrupling its challenge.

But there is going to be a great deal of wrangling over these matters in the months and years ahead. And quite a few people, I fear, are going to get mauled, poisoned and rather horridly slain before a great new sport arrives at its own rational regulations.

YOU SHOULD KNOW: if you want to take up spear-fishing

It's new and popular

THOUGH skin diving goes back thousands of years, spear-fishing as a sport did not come into its own until about 20 years ago. With the development in recent years of inexpensive equipment to bring costs within the range of most budgets, spear-fishing has become immensely popular. It is variously estimated that there are between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000 spear-fishermen in the country today . . .

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Technique

The beginning spear-fisherman in shallow water needs only a spear, swim flippers and a face mask. He swims quietly on the surface, peering down at his game through the mask, which gives him a clarity of vision under water unattainable through the naked eye. Once the target is spotted he dives, propelling himself downward by powerful strokes of the legs and flippers. His arms are usually busy with the spear. Descent should be gradual and quiet. It's best to avoid thrashing the water, for fish have extraordinary sensory perception. Their reaction time is 1/25th of a second, five times faster than yours.

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Mask and fins

A complete outfit costs about $320. You can make a good beginning though with an outlay of $15 or $20. The diving mask ($2.50 to $10.95) is your most important item. Its soft rubber edges should fit the facial contours snugly so there will be no leaks. Don't use plastic lenses. They scratch too easily. The mask will cover both eyes and nose. Don't be fooled by the magnification of objects. They'll look roughly a third larger than actual size, depending on the optics of your lens.

Next in importance are flippers. These will give you amazing extra speed. They should not be too flexible, and must fit snugly. They cost from $9 to $12.

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Spears are cheap

Fins help you reach the quarry your mask discloses. To bring it home you will need either a spear gun (expensive) or a hand spear. These last are ideal for beginners but are not too plentiful on the market. When properly used the spear is an effective weapon. Place the right hand in the strong rubber loop at the blunt end of the spear. Hold the shaft firmly in the right hand, slide your hand up on the spear to produce tension and shoot it at the target through curled fingers. Spears can be made easily at home. Still popular with many is the Hawaiian sling, a six-inch hollow bamboo tube with attached elastic bands that propel a simple metal spear through the tube to the target. It costs only a few dollars. There is also a commercial hand spear, a four-piece aluminum model, selling for $13.75 with interchangeable spear heads.

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Guns are deadly

There are many spear guns on the market. The Cressi spring-powered guns are light and powerful. Coil springs propel the spear. Their price range is $37.50 to $60. The carbon dioxide Fisher spear gun has spears with detachable bronze heads. It is well designed and powerful but really expensive, retailing for $115 in a complete unit with 300-shot refill cylinder. There are two new carbon dioxide guns—a 50-shot model by Aqua-Lung, Inc., at $65, and the Barracuda, fired by carbon dioxide cylinders, which retails for $49. Most popular gun on the market is the French Arbalete. The Arbalete comes in three models, the Junior at $22.50, Standard at $25 and DeLuxe with double elastics at $35. Sea Net Manufacturing Co. has a new rubber-powered gun, the Tarpon, which sells for $25. Warning: SPEAR GUNS ARE AS DEADLY AS RIFLES AT CLOSE RANGE. USE THEM WITH CAUTION.

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Useful accessories

As you progress, you may enlarge on your equipment with a number of useful but not immediately essential accessories. One is the snorkel. This is a plastic breathing tube 18 inches long, curved 180° at one end and with a rubber mouthpiece at the other which is gripped firmly between the teeth. It fits underneath the head strap of the diving mask and enables you to float face

continued on next page

down and concentrate on searching for game without having to raise your head for air. Don't dive with a snorkel until you learn to use it properly. Snorkels cost $2 to $3.95. A knife should always be carried, both as a handy aid and a defensive weapon. To be an all-weather, all-fish spear-fisher, you'll want a diving suit ($45 to $70) for cold water, power spear heads (about $50) that fire .38 caliber cartridges to kill big fish on impact, a depth gauge, lead weights and underwater breathing devices.

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Lungs for the depths

An air lung enables you to work in deep water for long periods. Two main types are on the market. The pioneer was the Aqua Lung ($160), developed during World War II. The unit consists of air tank, harness, demand regulator valve and hoses over each shoulder leading to mouthpiece. It allows free movement. The Navy model with two air tanks costs $275. A later development, the Hydropak, is proving increasingly popular. Its main advantage is combined nose and mouth breathing. The Hydropak sells for $250, with a twin pack model costing $325.

• • •

The water

The water must be clear if you are to enjoy spear-fishing. Visibility of less than 10 feet is apt to spoil your fun. Check your local waters with only a face mask. If you can see enough to make you happy, then go ahead and get the rest of the equipment. In tropical ocean waters, be sure to check local sources for possible danger from shark or barracuda.

• • •

Fair game

Game abounds in the tropical sea regions, and you should have success if you stick to the smaller species. Shy away at first from going after anything too big. Down under the tropic coral ledges are jewfish or giant grouper, weighing as much as 700 pounds. But they are for experts. They head deep down for holes when hit, so if you shoot, don't use a line or they'll drag you with them. Don't tackle anything bigger than 30 pounds or so at the start.

• • •

Be careful

There is danger in the water, but most of it can be avoided by using common sense. Spiny but stationary sea urchins prick like needles and produce a painful poison. Don't let currents sweep you onto one. Don't reach into holes or you may find a voracious moray eel. These monsters can clamp your arm in an iron grip, imprisoning you beneath the surface. But morays seldom attack unless provoked. The same is true of the big rays that stick to the bottoms, though the stinger will lash out with agonizing poison if you step on one. The floating Portuguese man-of-war has a dangerous sting that may produce a shock effect. People with weak hearts have died from these stings.

• • •

Water safety

Always swim in pairs for safety's sake. Should anything happen to you, a partner within sight may be able to save your life. Furthermore, you should learn how to jettison your heavy equipment for quick ascent in an emergency. Loop belts back through buckles so that a light tug will open them and free you of your burden.

Be sure to look up before surfacing. You may strike pilings or overhanging ledges and injure yourself. Use special care in waters frequented by boats. Mark your location with a float of some kind so that all craft can see it easily and steer clear. Oars, keels and propellers have injured many divers swimming just below the surface.

• • •

Manners for menaces

Beware of sharks and barracuda. Remember, though they usually will not attack, they often follow a spear-fisherman with curiosity. If you turn slowly and face them, they will almost always move off. There have been many horror-provoking tales about these savage fish. Most are false. Generally the experts advise slow movements and, if you have a lung, deep swimming in the presence of these predators. Thrashing on the surface seems to attract sharks and has goaded them to attack on rare occasions. Undue thrashing in shallow water is tempting to barracuda. Don't put temptation in their way.

by The Know-it-all

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SPORTING LOOK

SHARP SHOOTER

Carola Mandel is best-dressed woman on the firing line

At Fieldale, Marshall Field's shooting grounds outside Chicago, Carola leans into a shot.

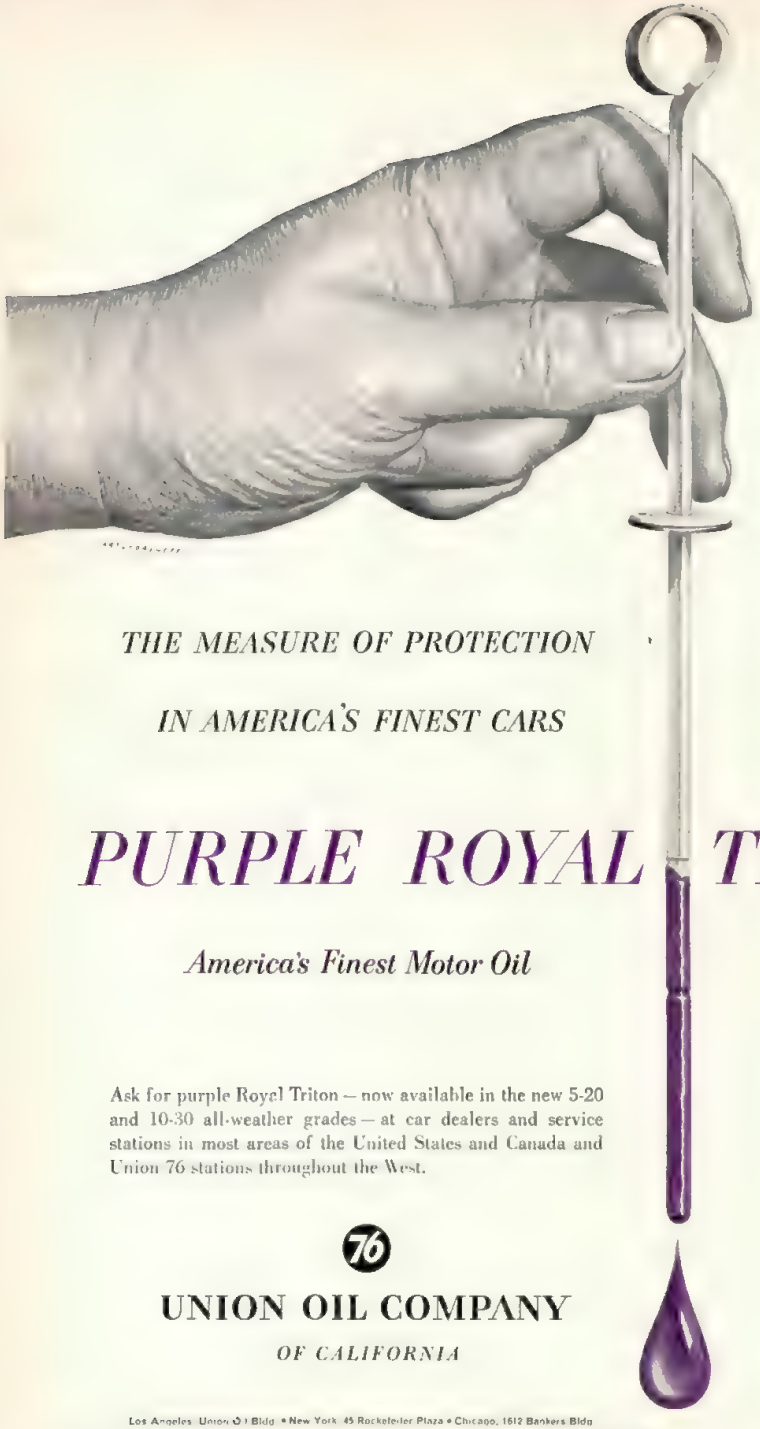
WHEN she was 10, Carola Panerai whiled away lazy Cuban afternoons plinking at lizards in the family garden with her brother's .22 pistol. Her disapproving parents and European finishing schools put an end to her gunplay. But in 1938 she married Leon Mandel, Chicago sportsman and department store executive, and renewed her shooting interests on hunting trips with him. The Annie Oakley urge really got the best of her in 1950 and she entered national skeet competition. Since 1952 she's been all-American woman's skeet-team captain, a mark of supremacy. Her ride-out-the-target style enabled her to shatter 297 out of 300 birds with 28-, 20- and 12-gauge guns at Louisville, Ky. this summer, breaking the women's High-Over-All record. Carola loses two pounds in a day's shooting, making it easy for her to keep the classic tailored look that has won her another title: best-dressed woman in American sports.

Carola's uniform includes cotton turtle-neck pullover $2.75, kilt skirt of Stuart tartan ($40, custom-made, matching cap, loafers.

With husband Leon, also a top shot, she wears twin of outfit *(left)*. Black Watch tartan skirt is ready-made, $12.

In Chicago town house Mrs. Mandel displays her hundreds of shooting trophies. At home she wears off-one-shoulder jersey blouse, a sharp contrast to her on-the-range tailored attire.

At Lincoln Park, on Lake Michigan, Carola wears her practice clothes: blue jeans, plaid cotton shirt, skeet-shooter's cap, mesh-backed vest with team emblems. Variable-choking device on gun controls shot pattern.



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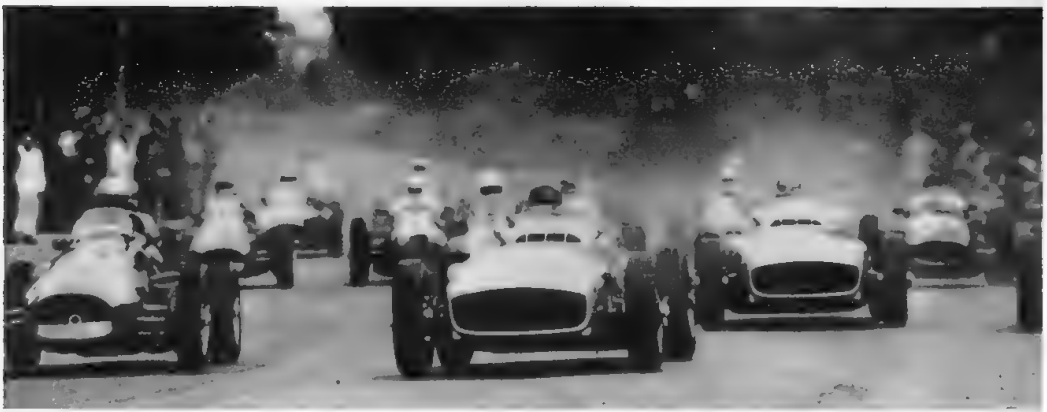
SEE HOW THEY RUN

Although the racing season is not officially over, it is possible to determine 1954's National and International champions, to evaluate the lessons of the year and to foresee the challenges of 1955

by JOHN BENTLEY



WORLD CHAMPION JUAN MANUEL FANGIO JUMPS OFF TO FAST LEAD IN BERN GRAND PRIX ON AUGUST 22. FINAL AVERAGE: 99.2 MPH

IN MOTOR RACING, there is no such clear-cut prize as the heavyweight title or the National League pennant. But a point system based on first-, second- and third-place finishes in Grand Prix races indicates the championship stature, each year, of one driver. This year, no matter what the outcome of the two final Grand Prix races—the Sept. 3 event at Monza and the Oct. 24 competition at Barcelona—the champion is certain to be Argentinian Juan Manuel Fangio, called "The Master."

Fangio has driven a Mercedes in most of his successful races. On August 22 he won the Swiss Grand Prix held on the Bremgarten circuit at Bern. He drove a Maserati to win the Belgian Grand Prix at Spa, but Mercedes brought him home in both the French and European Grand Prix, at Reims and Nürburgring. At this writing, Fangio has won five out of six International Grand Prix runs this year and has accumulated 44 points; his compatriot, Froilan Gonzales, is runner-up at 23½; in third place is Maurice Trintignant of France, with 15.

Last year's world champion, Italy's Alberto Ascari, disappeared from the ranks of leading contenders when he joined the Lancia sports-car team. He has made few starts since, but he won the Mille Miglia (Thousand Mile) Italian road race for Lancia in early May and thereby broke the six-in-a-row winning streak gained by Ferrari since 1948.

To the casual observer, the expression "Grand Prix" is somewhat misleading since it is not confined to the seven big events held in Belgium, France, Switzerland, Britain, Italy, Germany and Spain. Many other Formula I events are included under this term and run in these and other countries. Specifically, the term Formula I is used to connote racing cars powered by unsupercharged engines with a displacement of 2,500 cc. or 150 cubic inches. It embraces the most carefully built and efficiently powered of European Grand Prix cars—such machines as Ferrari, Maserati and Mercedes in which the ultimate in power-weight ratios, braking and roadability are dramatically tested for future production designs. Driven by factory teams, these hand-built machines also serve an important promotional purpose.

Although Grand Prix races seemingly overshadow sports-car events, the latter far outnumber Formula I races. By the time the Casablanca 12-hour race has been run in December, no fewer than 72 sports-car events, 40 of them international, will have stirred circuit dust in 1954; this compared with 24 Formula I Grand Prix—a ratio of three to one.

CLOSE RACE IN SPORTS CARS

Although the year's competition may ultimately establish the supremacy of one make of machine, among the sports cars it's currently a close thing between an outstanding newcomer, the 4.9-liter Ferrari, and the 3.3 Lancia.

JUAN MANUEL FANGIO, "The Master," is a 43-year-old Argentinian ex-mechanic who in seven years has twice reached the pinnacle of World Championship against the elite of European Grand Prix drivers. Described by the late Professor Ferdinand Porsche, Germany's top designer, as "just the best there ever was," Fangio scored his first triumphs in 1948. He is regarded by many as the suave prima donna of the track because of a studied laziness and condescending politeness highly deceptive to the casual observer. Behind the wheel of a 200 mph Grand Prix machine, his nerves are ice, his judgment faultless and his determination unrelenting. Probably the greatest tribute to Fangio was paid three years ago by Mercedes when, laying their plans for their return to Grand Prix racing, they invited him to head up their team.

JAMES HOLBROOK KIMBERLY, 47-year-old Chicago sportsman and tycoon, is not only America's No. 1 amateur driver but also an individualist with a flair for elegant dramatization. Driving his 4.5-liter Ferrari to an almost unbroken string of wins at major SCAA events, "Gentleman Jim" has crammed into less than a year a measure of success that normally would take many seasons. He was first attracted to the sport in 1950, and climbed to stylish competence through a succession of ever faster, more powerful cars, finally reaching speeds of 160 mph on his first try with the big Ferrari at MacDill AFB. Suave, handsome and aloof, Kimberly favors bright red racing dress (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Aug. 16) to match his car colors. The proudest feather in his cap was a recent offer from Ferrari to join the team as a reserve driver.

Ferrari leads with wins and places in five international events—Buenos Aires, Le Mans, Hyéres in France, Monza Supercortemaggiore (Italy), and Portugal; Lancia is runner-up with wins in the Mille Miglia and the Oporto (Portugal) Sports-Car race, a second in the Sebring, Florida, 12-hour International, and Liége-Rome-Liége rally. Another newcomer, the D-type Jaguar, is third with a second at Le Mans, a triple score in the Reims 12-hour race and a win and place at Zandvoort, Holland.

At Le Mans, where Ferrari and Jaguar fought it out, the Gonzales-Trintignant Ferrari beat the Rolt-Hamilton Jaguar by only one minute and 29 seconds after 24 hours of grueling speed. The Jaguar spotted the Ferrari 1.5 liters (90 cu. in.) displacement, yet was faster on the Mulsanne four-mile straight, clocking 172.76 mph compared with the Ferrari's 160.03 mph. It was also much superior on brakes, and only the unbelievable skill and nerve of Gonzales in the pouring rain saved the day for Ferrari.

The Mille Miglia showed up one of the smallest cars to enormous advantage. This was the new Type-550 1½-liter sports-racing Porsche, with four overhead camshafts, driven by Hans Hermann, the junior member of the Mercedes-Benz racing team. Hermann came in sixth overall against every kind of road hazard, including mountain passes. Again at the Nürburgring (August 1) the Porsches scored two triple-headers in the races preceding the *Grosser Preis*. Not only did they finish 1-2-3 in both the sports and touring 1500-cc. classes, but they also carried off the 1300-cc. category.

The sensational postwar return of Mercedes to Grand Prix competition began at Reims, July 4 when the new 2.5-liter aerodynamic cars driven by Fangio and Karl Kling ran away from the field. Finishing neck and neck, the two Mercedes averaged 115.67 mph for 305 miles on ordinary roads.

Two weeks later, however, the Germans flopped badly in the British GP at Silverstone, where Mercedes reappeared with the same drivers. The twisting course was unsuited to these cars, and the best Fangio could do was finish fourth, behind his pupil and fellow countryman, the late Onofre Marimon, who beat him with a Maserati. Gonzales, another protégé of Fangio's, won handsomely, followed by Britisher Mike Hawthorn, both with Ferraris.

But the Germans had another ace up their sleeve—the new "Einsitzer" (single-seater) 2.5-liter Mercedes *without* an envelope body, which was then being readied for the third round of the Mercedes-Ferrari battle. This was the European GP in Germany on August 1. Fangio won it for Mercedes at 82.70 mph, beating Hawthorn (Ferrari) by two minutes and Trintignant (Ferrari) by five.

This German event was marred by the death of Marimon, whose Maserati had crashed in practice the day before. Fangio had taught Marimon a thousand finesses and encouraged him in every way. On his part, Marimon's regard for "The Master" amounted to hero worship.

HE PUSHED TOO HARD

It may have been the fact that his fastest practice time around the tricky course—featuring 170 curves and bends to every 14-mile lap—was 21 seconds slower than Fangio's best that ultimately caused Marimon to crash. He missed a corner after a downgrade, jumped a ditch, rolled over several times and smashed against a tree.

Marimon was succeeded as the No. 1 Maserati man by Britisher Stirling Moss, an excellent driver who has had an exceedingly unlucky year. On six occasions—Le Mans, Silverstone, Nürburgring, Pescara, Rome and Bern—mechanical failures have eliminated Moss when victory seemed likely. At Silverstone, for example, his Maserati broke its drive shaft when the race was nearly over and he held a secure second spot.

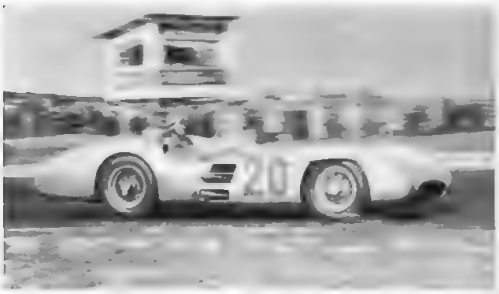
Despite these misfortunes, Maserati has done well this season, winning the Argentinian, Belgian, Rome and Pescara Grand Prix and taking second at Caen. The company is now putting the finishing touches to the latest Formula I machine with the road-holding De Dion rear axle and some 230 brake horsepower under the hood.

In the United States the 1954 season will turn out to have been the busiest (30 events, 15 national races) and most colorful since the rebirth of racing at the 1948 Watkins Glen

TOP GRAND PRIX CARS

FERRARI New-Type Formula I (1954 Champion Grand Prix car) has a four-cylinder engine developing 256 b.h.p. "Oversquare" bore results in lowered piston speed. Top speed: 165 mph.

MASERATI Type 250F, second of Italy's contenders, is derived from model A6SSG, but disposes of 30 more b.h.p. Engine is a six-cylinder, twin-overhead camshaft unit. Top speed: 160 mph.

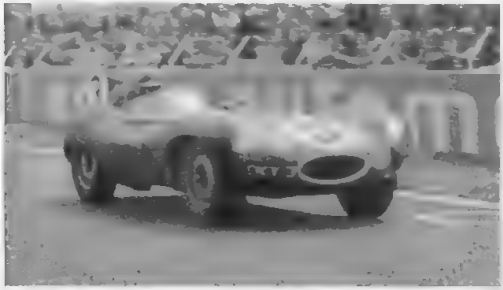


MERCEDES Aerodynamic 2500 cc. Formula I with a straight-eight engine and advanced fuel injection, is capable of 200 mph. It easily exceeds designers' dream of 100 b.h.p. per liter.

TOP SPORTS CARS

FERRARI 4.9-liter model, winner at Le Mans, has a 12-cylinder engine with output of 347 b.h.p. A faster offshoot of the 4.5-liter car, it is unwieldy, sometimes dangerous. Top speed: 175 mph.

LANCIA 3.3-liter model, which won 1954 Mille Miglia, has a V6 overhead-camshaft engine and inboard-mounted front brakes. Top speed: 155 mph.



JAGUAR streamlined D-type model utilizes light alloys. Six-cylinder 250 b.h.p. engine with overhead camshafts is basically similar to that of KX120 sports job. Top speed: 185 mph.

Grand Prix. Its most notable feature was the definitive triumph of the U.S. Ferrari over the Cunningham sports car, king of the American racing picture for the last three years. The occasion was the 200-mile race at MacDill Air Force Base, Tampa, Florida, when Jim Kimberly brought his newly acquired 4.5 Ferrari to the line on January 31. Despite rain, Kimberly beat the seasoned Phil Walters while giving away 60 cu. in. to Walters' Cunningham. To prove this was no fluke, Kimberly repeated the performance six weeks later at Hunter AFB, Savannah, Georgia when he lapped Sherwood Johnston's Cunningham.

FERRARI'S ON THE MARCH

Following Kimberly's sensational start (six wins in his first seven races), the moneyed boys took up the 4.5 Ferrari. Bill Spear's Ferrari arrived in March, followed by the machines of Masten Gregory and Tony Paravano (driver Jack McAfee) on the West coast and by a similar model purchased in the East by Irwin Goldschmidt. On the weekend of July 25, Goldschmidt three times—twice with the Ferrari—broke the Giant's Despair Hillclimb record that Walters had set in a Cunningham.

This further proved to Briggs Cunningham that the timeworn dictum, "you can't beat inches," is a fallacy. He has dropped the manufacture of the Cunningham and is now experimenting with a new, smaller, lighter

competition chassis intended for the 180-cu.-in. Meyer & Drake engine of proved merit. Furthermore, at Reims Cunningham discussed with M. Perouse, Secretary of the all-powerful Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, the possibility of limiting 1955 sports-car engine displacement to three liters.

In the smaller classes (1100 and 1500 cc.) the overwhelming superiority of the Osca proved conclusively that the logical power unit for *any* winning sports car is not a souped-up touring engine but a detuned racing unit. Notable Oscas have been those of Rees Makins (1100 cc.), which has won its class in every one of a dozen AFB events, and the Jim Simpson car (1500 cc.) with an equally impressive record.

AND THEN SHE BLEW UP

The most exciting 1954 race was at Andrews AFB, Washington, D.C., on May 2. Throughout the 200-mile President's Cup, Kimberly and Spear, with identical Ferraris, fought a merciless battle. One lap from the checkered flag, with a two-minute lead over his rival, Kimberly was a sure thing for a trip to the White House to receive the trophy from President Eisenhower. Then his engine blew up.

In the West, car-builder Sterling Edwards took the four-year-old Palm Springs main event with a 4.1 Le Mans Ferrari, to become the first repeat winner. The fifth annual Pebble Beach road race (April 11) was another Ferrari success when Edwards won the Del Monte Trophy, beating two Cad-Allards and a C-Type Jaguar; but at Golden Gate, San Francisco (June 6), before 100,000 spectators, it was Jack McAfee's turn with the Paravano 4.5 Ferrari. Edwards managed a second though. Meanwhile, at the Bakersfield Sports Car Races, Britisher Ken Miles won both events with his fabulous MG Special, beating (believe it or not) two Ferraris and a Maserati. In professional racing, the year's outstanding event—the 500-Mile Indianapolis Memorial Day Classic—went to that human bomb, Bill Vukovich, with an Offy-powered Keck Fuel Injection Special. He became third man to win the race two years running—after Wilbur Shaw and Mauri Rose.

Although the future of sports-car racing at Air Force bases is uncertain, press reports about definite cancellations have been premature. There is a fair chance that several events will be run in 1955 at the larger airfields. Whatever the outcome, enthusiasts need not fear that the sport will die. Already this season the Sports Car Club of America has been offered 47 possible venues for race meets by progressive groups and communities. In addition, at least 10 Eastern and five Western road and airfield courses, several of them new this year, will hold races in 1955. The tentative date for next year's Sebring 12-hour international sports-car race is March 20; the event is definitely on, and many top-notch European entries are expected.

Judged by any standard—Top Ten or the proposed new Class Championships—Kimberly is not only the season's champion driver of the United States but also the most improved one. The leading candidate for rookie-of-the-year honors is Ralph Durbin, a skilled, aggressive, 36-year-old Detroit enthusiast, who drives a well-tuned TF-MG. Durbin has logged six class firsts, four seconds and two thirds in seven major competitions covering 12 races, in addition to an overall first and two thirds against such opposition as Porsches.

Looking toward next year, American sports car enthusiasts are hoping that some effort will be made to restore the balance in favor of true road races. The Brynfan Tyddyn, Pa. race on July 25, though limited to 2,000-cc. machines, showed that airfield racing has encouraged slack habits among drivers. There were three unnecessary flips (an MG, a Maserati and a Kieft-Bristol) when contestants forgot that real roads have crowns and that soft shoulders, ditches and stone bridges are more treacherous than cardboard boxes filled with sand.

FASTER AND FASTER

In the overall picture, 1954 has brought to light some interesting *things. First: Grand Prix racing's For*mula I gave impetus to the attainment of a long-sought ideal—a high-efficiency engine able to develop 100-brake horsepower per liter. Both Mercedes and Ferrari have achieved this goal without sacrificing reliability. Mercedes, with a straight-eight, double-overhead-camshaft, fuel-injection engine, produces 280 b.h.p. at 8,500 r.p.m. for only 2,496 cc. Ferrari, with the new GP 2.5-liter, four-cylinder engine, is good for 256 b.h.p. at 7,500 r.p.m. Maserati isn't far behind.

Second: A freakish relationship has developed between the performance factors of sports and GP cars. Several of the latest sports cars are nearly as fast as their outright racing counterparts, yet have neither the roadability nor the brakes to cope with this speed. As if affected by the Detroit virus,

RACING ON THE RUNWAYS—A NEW ARENA

The Strategic Air Command's program of national airfield races, initiated in 1952 by General Curtis LeMay and sponsored by the SCCA, gave tremendous impetus to the revival of sports-car competition. Crowd control presents no problems at SAC races such as this typical event held at Chanute AFB, Rantoul, Ill., where Jaguars were preponderant. Smooth, wide runways permit safe speeds of over 150 mph. The use of artificial turns leading into perimeter tracks calls for skillful cornering and gear-shifting.

both Ferrari and Lancia are engaged in a horsepower and displacement race—Lancia with 3.1, 3.3 and now 3.8 liters; Ferrari with 4.1, 4.5 and latterly 4.9 liters. Yet the comparison is unflattering to the sports car. In terms of efficiency, the Lancia requires 3.3 liters to produce 250 b.h.p., whereas the GP Ferrari tops this output with 2.5 liters and also weighs much less. In terms of performance, the big 12-cylinder sports Ferrari takes 4.9 liters and 347 b.h.p. to do 175 mph, whereas the new Formula I Mercedes needs but eight cylinders, 2.5 liters and 280 b.h.p. to reach close to 200 mph.

Too much power in sports cars can be a hindrance—even a danger. The accidents to Umberto Maglioli (Tour of Sicily) and 1950 World's Champion Nino Farina (Mille Miglia), both of whom crashed in much-fancied 4.9 Ferraris, were clear evidence of the serious errors in judgment that can beset even experienced drivers surfeited with an overdose of torque and horsepower.

SIZE AND SENSE

Third: As a direct corollary to the above, the big sports-car races tend to encourage the development of machines so remote from their production counterparts that they are beyond reach of the public. For this reason, Donald Healey's decision to withdraw the Austin-Healey team from Le Mans and elsewhere is to be applauded rather than criticized as it was by sections of the French press. The Dunlop disc brakes fitted to the Sebring Austin-Healey, for example, cost as much as the entire production model. William Lyons of Jaguar told Briggs Cunningham that Jaguar engineers could build a three-liter (or smaller) engine just as easily as they can build the present one. They don't care one way or the other. Cunningham says, "The present exaggerated displacements are not only dangerous but simply don't make sense."

These are the lessons of the 1954 motor-racing season and the challenges for 1955.

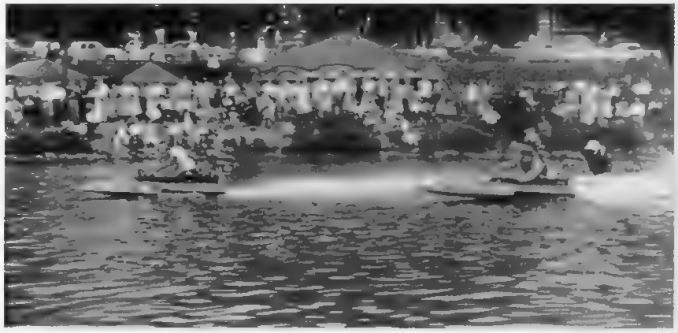
SUNDAY'S RACES

Italian Grand Prix (Monza) 315 miles—1, Fangio (Mercedes); 2, Hawthorn (Ferrari); 3, Maglioli (Ferrari), Gonzales (Ferrari), tied. Time: 2:47.47 9/10.

S.C.C.A. National Race Meet (Thompson Raceway, Conn.) -Main event (Class C Modified 3,000-5,000 cc) 15 miles: 1, Bill Spear (Ferrari), 73.03 mph; 2, Walt Hansgen (Jaguar-C); 3, Paul Timmins (Jaguar Special).

MOTORS WITH WAKES

Racing stock outboards is like stock-car racing, with a notable difference—the driver of a "flying pancake" must be able to swim



CLASS A OUTBOARD HYDROPLANES SCOOT FOR THE FINISH AT DE PERE, WIS. NATIONALS

With an estimated 4,000,000 outboard motors now in use in the U.S. and an expected sale of another half-million before the end of the year, the fast-growing sport of stock outboard racing looks forward to an even bigger boom in the future. A fortnight ago the American Power Boat Association ran off its national stock championships at De Pere, Wis. and drew 16,000 spectators to make it the biggest and best ever held. After three days of thrills, spills and chills, eight new champions were named in the different runabout and hydroplane classes. First boat across the line was not always the winner as disqualifications for jumping the gun or hitting a buoy were numerous. In the first race, 13 out of 16 starting boats were disqualified.

HOWLING START OF CLASS B HYDROPLANES ON DE PERE'S ONE-MILE CIRCULAR COURSE

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es of grudging praise from fellow Braves was his earned-run average of 3.56 and 48 strikeouts in 96 innings.

Even this was gone in 1950. He pitched only 59 innings, won two games and lost three, and had an earned-run average of 5.80 which wasn't progress no matter how you looked at it.

ARMY TO THE RESCUE

At this juncture the Army came to Johnny's rescue. He was drafted in 1951 and reported for training at Fort Meyer, Va. This might have been the crowning blow; it turned out to be Johnny's luckiest stroke of all. At Fort Meyer, Antonelli was assigned to the post's baseball team. Sam Calderone, third-string catcher for the New York Giants, had also been assigned there earlier. In the ensuing two years, the battery of Antonelli and Calderone didn't demolish any enemy targets but what it did to opposing baseball nines is still remembered. Antonelli won 42 games, 20 of them consecutively, and lost only two. The class of opposition he mowed down was anything but amateur or semipro. In 44 games, he faced 29 major leaguers and an uncounted number of double and triple A players. Twice he pitched one-hitters, and in one game struck out 21 batsmen. Fort Meyer, with Antonelli winning the three games he pitched, won the annual National Baseball Congress Championship at Wichita, Kansas in 1952 and with it a trip to Japan to participate in the Inter-Hemisphere series. There, Johnny shut out the Japanese team in both games he pitched.

When he was still a soldier, Private Antonelli married a pretty Medford, Mass. girl named Rosemarie Carbone, whom he had courted during his tough years in Boston. This step proved to be as beneficial to Johnny as the minor league training the Army had provided him. It freed him from the domination of his father, a tie which, along with the bonus, has proved embarrassing to the young pitcher, motivated though it was by paternal devotion.

Early in the season, when asked to pose with Joe Amalfitano, the Giants' bonus third baseman from California, Johnny excused himself. "Joe is my pal but I don't want to emphasize that bonus stuff. That's a dead issue now."

So is the role his father played. "I appreciate everything my dad has done for me," said Johnny. "Dad got me into the majors but that phase of my career is over. I've got to do all the rest for myself." Lest anyone draw any erroneous conclusions about filial ingratitude from this, let it be said that Papa—now Grandpapa—Antonelli serves as baby sitter for Johnny's one-year-old daughter, Lisa, whenever her mom and dad spend a night on the town.

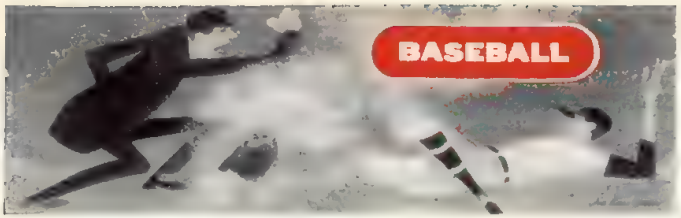
Although Antonelli has the poise and confidence of a veteran, he had one attack of stage fright this season. That was in the All-Star Game at Cleveland in which he got a rough going over during his two-inning stay on the mound. The unkindest cut of all was Al Rosen's homer. Rosen and Johnny had met before. When the Giants and Indians were traveling through the West in spring training, Johnny started to bolt his ice cream one night so he could give his seat to the Cleveland batting champion whom he had struck out that afternoon.

"Don't gobble that ice cream so fast," said Al, good-naturedly. "I wouldn't want to see a kid who can pitch like you wind up with ulcers." The sentiment, of course, didn't apply to All-Star or World Series games in which the twain should happen to meet.

HE WHIPPED THE CREAM

The ability to rise to occasions—a reliable index of greatness—is another of Antonelli's virtues. He did it at Rochester that night when he turned in a no-hitter for the 18 major league scouts. He did it one Sunday last June when the Giants came up to the ninth with a precarious one-run lead over the St. Louis Cardinals. Durocher pulled out relief star Hoyt Wilhelm, who had held the Cards scoreless in the last two innings, and called on Antonelli in his first relief assignment as a Giant. The Cardinals had always been Johnny's Nemesis up to then, having beaten him seven times out of eight. But with the cream of the Cardinal order coming up in the persons of Stan Musial, Ray Jablonski and Wally Moon, each hitting over .325 at that stage, Papa Antonelli's little bonus baby bowled them over like three sitting ducks in a shooting gallery. That was the day Durocher became completely sold on his golden left arm.

Even if Johnny shouldn't get into the World Series this fall, there's still plenty of time. One thing is certain: when the chance comes again, he won't have to watch proceedings from the bench. John August Antonelli is now a member of the lodge and for that matter, so is his old man, whose wildest boasts about his $65,000 bonus baby might now pass as baseball's understatement of the age.



"HE'S HERE SOMEWHERE"

Anyone looking for Walter Alston won't find him in the public eye

by RED SMITH

WALTER ALSTON had one distinction before he appeared as manager last spring in the Brooklyn training camp in Vero Beach, Fla. He was the least-known manager in the major leagues. Throughout the season he has made himself memorable by indicating a strong desire to remain so.

"You fellows are going to miss Dressen," newspapermen were warned before training camp opened, and those covering the Dodger base found it true. Used to be they'd ask Charley a question which he'd answer readily enough, adding, "Reminds me of the time—" and copy would pour out of him.

DODGERS' DILEMMA

Erskine and Loes,
But then who goes?

SID FRIEDLANDER, NEW YORK POST

Now Alston submitted to press conferences and answered, "Yes," "No," "I don't know yet." When the Dodgers got home for their first appearance in Ebbets Field, the Ohio schoolmaster seemed faintly bewildered by the clamor. "There will be times this summer," someone remarked, "when Walter will long for the tranquil classroom."

One of those times was last week. Trailing the Giants by three games, the Dodgers barely survived a three-game series in the Polo Grounds, dropping two but averting a plunge to third place by a win in the final. This put them four games off the pace—five back in the important "games lost" column. Now they could not win the pennant unaided; New York would have to lose it.

Alston does not hog the television picture on the field, but in the seventh inning of the first game he played a command performance. The score was tied, the Giants had runners on first base and third with two out. Leo Durocher sent Hoyt Wilhelm up to bat for himself. Wilhelm had not made a hit in the year of our Lord 1954.

Pee Wee Reese, the Brooklyn captain, ran in from shortstop to consult with Jim Hughes, the pitcher. The other infielders gathered around. Reese yelled and whistled for the manager's attention. At length Alston walked into the camera's eye.

They discussed the possibility of a double steal. They debated how to pitch to Wilhelm, whom none could recall seeing at bat, for he had been up only fifteen times this year.

Then Hughes pitched and Wilhelm knocked in the winning run with a single over second base.

Next day a photographer visited the Brooklyn dugout and asked the manager, "Which one is Alston?" Several players tittered and Alston, with a faint, shy grin on his lips, said, "Oh, he's here somewhere."

The photographer laid a paw on Alston's shoulder and turned him, peering at the number 24 on his back. "You're Alston," he accused the man who has run the league champions all summer.

The man isn't the pushing type. He has no television ambitions.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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UNDER 21

JOHNNY LILLY'S BIG SHOOT

He's from a top-notch trapshooting family. Here's what it's like to be a boy among men in the Grand American Handicap Tournament

VANDALIA, OHIO

BY official count there were 2,009 shotgun wizards wearing wide-peaked caps ganged up at Vandalia, during the last week of August. They somehow managed to break into bits more than a million black, pancake-shaped birds with yellow domes, known as clay pigeons. It all added up to trapshooting's Grand American Handicap Tournament, a real dilly of a shoot, the biggest yet held.

Out of those 2,009 earnest competitors there was one sighting in for stakes a lot more important than just the cool cash involved ($4,800 in prizes and bets that went to the winner). This special one was a 13-year-old shooter named Johnny Lilly, from a town in central Michigan called Stanton.

A NAME WITH A REPUTATION

To get the pitch on what was chasing around in Johnny's mind that August afternoon, you've first got to know about his father and grandfather.

Johnny's father is Ned Lilly. In the trapshooting world, that compares with the name Ted Williams in baseball. Ned Lilly is still rated among the five greatest trapshooters in the world. And Johnny's grandfather, Dr. I. S. Lilly, already made the family name mean quite a lot before Ned ever came along. Between Johnny's father and grandfather, the name Lilly has a reputation in Vandalia.

But this is '54 and time marches on. Now, it's Johnny's turn. It's the first time he's ever been in this high-pressure national hassle. Nor has he had too much experience other places either.

He broke 97 at the Wisconsin State shoot this past summer, became Michigan State Junior Champ by breaking 94 and won the Central Zone Championship with 91. All this moved him up from Class D to Class B (his father is Class AA, 96 average, shooting from a 25-yard handicap, otherwise known as "the back yard").

Now he's sitting in a canvas-back chair under the canopy outside his grandfather's trailer. Sitting around Johnny are his father, his grandfather, his older cousin and a family friend.

Johnny leans back in the chair. "What squad's up now?" he asks.

"I don't know, Johnny, but it's not near 222 yet," his father says.

Johnny's grandfather speaks up. "Forgot to tell you, Johnny—they want you to stop by the Ad Building some time and pick up that silver bowl you won yesterday."

Johnny nods, gets up and heads toward the Ad Building. Yesterday, in the Preliminary Tournament, Johnny won the silver bowl plus about $774 by breaking a phenomenal 99 birds out of the 100 possibles. The only reason he didn't top the whole field was because Vernon Thornborrow from Hamilton, Ont. broke an incredible 100 out of 100 to walk off with $5,000.

Now Johnny finds himself a celebrity. Photographers besiege him. When he finally gets back to his grandfather's trailer, there's still another photographer waiting—this one from a magazine called SPORTS ILLUSTRATED.

He gets that shot out of the way, but he can't sit still long. He goes over to the ammo store and buys his four packages of shells. Back at the trailer he says, "I heard over there somebody already broke 99. Some *kid*." His father shrugs.

THE BIRDS FLY

Inside the trailer, Johnny pins a protective pad under his polo shirt on the right shoulder where the recoil hits. He puts on his shooting jacket, slings the strap of his ammo case over his shoulder and walks out, gun in hand. When he reaches the line on Trap 6, West, his father is sitting on the bench behind the shooting platform. Johnny draws the No. 5 spot. The man in No. 1 slot asks if everyone is ready, then he calls for his bird. Four birds later another Lilly takes over for the family in the Grand American.

Johnny stands there, wearing his

Milwaukee Braves' cap and his rolled-up dungarees. He brings his gun shoulder-high with the crisp precision of a line-duty Marine. He yells "*Pull!*" in a voice that's a high-pitched contrast to the rest.

Out of the trap skims the bird. Johnny's gun remains silent for a brief second, or maybe two, and then it speaks. The bird seems to dissolve in the air, the way it only does when it's been nailed dead to center.

Johnny hugs the gun under his arm, spits on his hands (*above*), then rubs them on the backsides of his dungarees. He finishes his first five shots without a miss and, according to custom, heads across the shooting platform to No. 1 while the others move down a notch.

It isn't until his 28th shot that Johnny finally misses one. He winds up with a highly respectable 91, but eight misses over the final winner, 14-year-old Nick Egan from Flushing, N.Y.

They head back to the trailer. It's easy to see he's giving himself a bad time. It's no comfort to know that the champ who beat him only broke 88 in his first Grand American.

But Johnny's father is contented. "With seasoning, he'll be the best shot that ever came along in this family," says he. "He showed me that today."

The name of Lilly would seem to be safe at Vandalia for a good many years.

—DUANE DECKER

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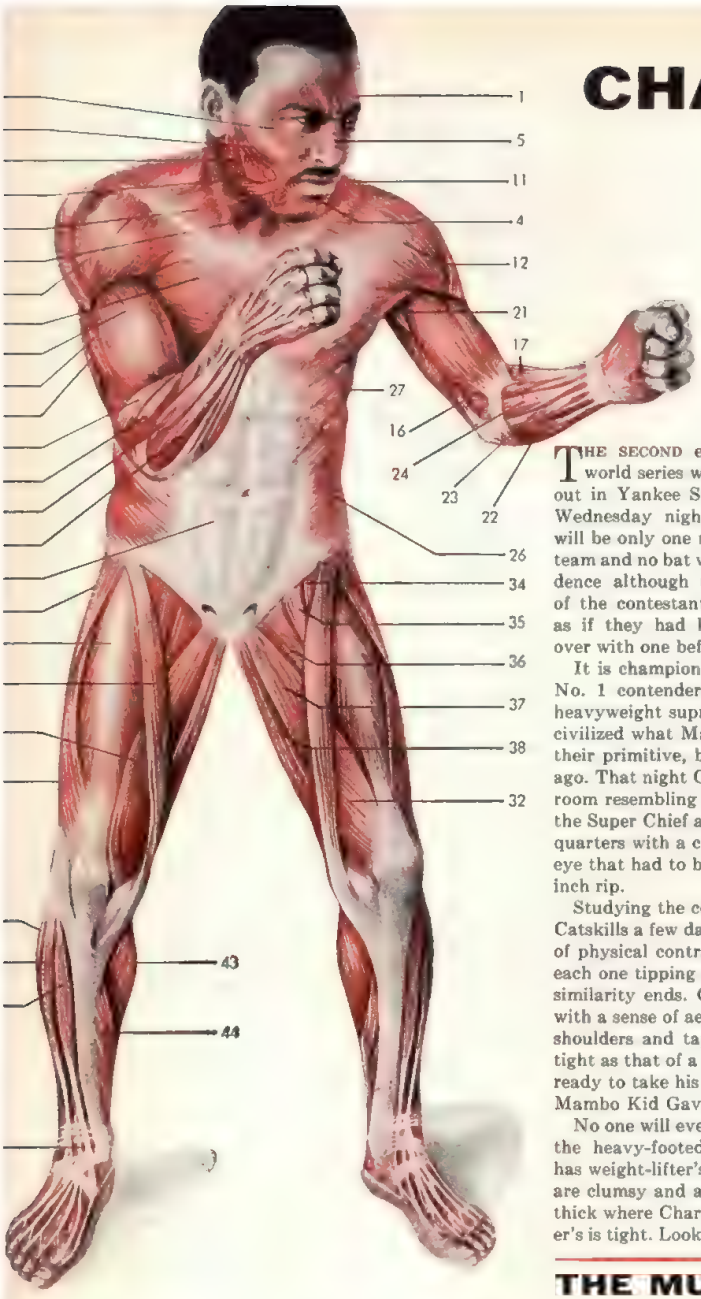
CHARLES vs.

by BUDD SCHULBERG



THE SECOND episode in a world series will be fought out in Yankee Stadium next Wednesday night but there will be only one man on each team and no bat will be in evidence although the features of the contestants may look as if they had been worked over with one before the world's championship is decided.

It is champion Rocky Marciano and ex-champion and No. 1 contender Ezzard Charles in a rematch for the heavyweight supremacy of the civilized world, if you call civilized what Marciano and Charles did to each other in their primitive, bloodied 15-round struggle three months ago. That night Charles sleep-walked back to his dressing-room resembling a man who had argued with and lost to the Super Chief and Marciano pushed his way back to his quarters with a close but justified decision and a torn left eye that had to be sewn together like a sock with a three-inch rip.

Studying the contestants at their training camps in the Catskills a few days ago, I saw them as the alpha and zeta of physical contrast. On the scales it will be a stand-off, each one tipping a fraction this or that side of 187. There similarity ends. Charles is drawn fine, as if by an artist with a sense of aesthetic proportion, with smooth-muscled shoulders and tapering legs. The skin on his body is as tight as that of a drum and he is so graceful that he seems ready to take his place with Sugar Ray Robinson and the Mambo Kid Gavilan as Fistiana's gift to terpsichore.

No one will ever associate the rhythm of the dance with the heavy-footed, lumberingly powerful champion. He has weight-lifter's legs and thick, stubby arms. His moves are clumsy and awkward but purposeful. His flesh seems thick where Charles' is taut, and loose where the challenger's is tight. Looking at Rocky's back as he sat relaxed and

THE MUSCLES

1. Frontal (M. frontalis) 2. Orbicular muscle of eye (M. orbicularis oculi) 3. Zygomatic (M. zygomaticus) 4. Orbicular muscle of mouth (M. orbicularis oris) 5. Nasal (M. nasalis) 6. Masseter (M. masseter) 7. Risorius (M. risorius) 8. Cheek (M. buccinator) 9. Flat (M. platysma) 10. Sternocleidomastoid (M. sternocleidomastoideus) 11. Trapezius (M. trapezius) 12. Deltoid (M. deltoideus) 13. Greater pectoral (M. pectoralis major) 14. Triceps (M. triceps brachii) 15. Biceps (M. biceps brachii) 16. Brachial (M. brachialis) 17. Brachioradical (M. brachioradialis) 18. Long radial extensor muscle of wrist (M. extensor carpi radialis longus) 19. Common extensor muscle of fingers (M. extensor digitorum communis) 20. Ulnar extensor muscle of wrist (M. extensor carpi ulnaris) 21. Coraco-brachial (M. coracobrachialis) 22. Ulnar flexor muscle of wrist (M. flexor carpi ulnaris) 23. Long palmer (M. palmaris longus) 24. Radial flexor (M. flexor carpi radialis) 25. Rectus (M. rectus abdominis) 26. External oblique (M. obliquus abdominis externus) 27. Serratus magnus (M. serratus anterior) 28. Middle gluteal (M. gluteus medius) 29. Tensor muscle of broad fasciae (M. tensor fasciae latae) 30. Lateral great (M. vastus lateralis) 31. Straight head (M. rectus femoris) 32. Middle great (M. vastus medialis) 33. Tailor (M. sartorius) 34. Iliac (M. iliacus) 35. Greater psoas (M. psoas major) 36. Pectineus (M. pectineus) 37. Long adductor (M. adductor longus) 38. Slender (M. gracilis) 39. Anterior tibial (M. tibialis anterior) 40. Long extensor muscle of toes (M. extensor digitorum longus) 41. Long extensor muscle of great toe (M. extensor hallucis longus) 42. Long peroneal (M. peroneus longus) 43. Gastrocnemius (M. gastrocnemius) 44. Soleus (M. soleus).

MARCIANO

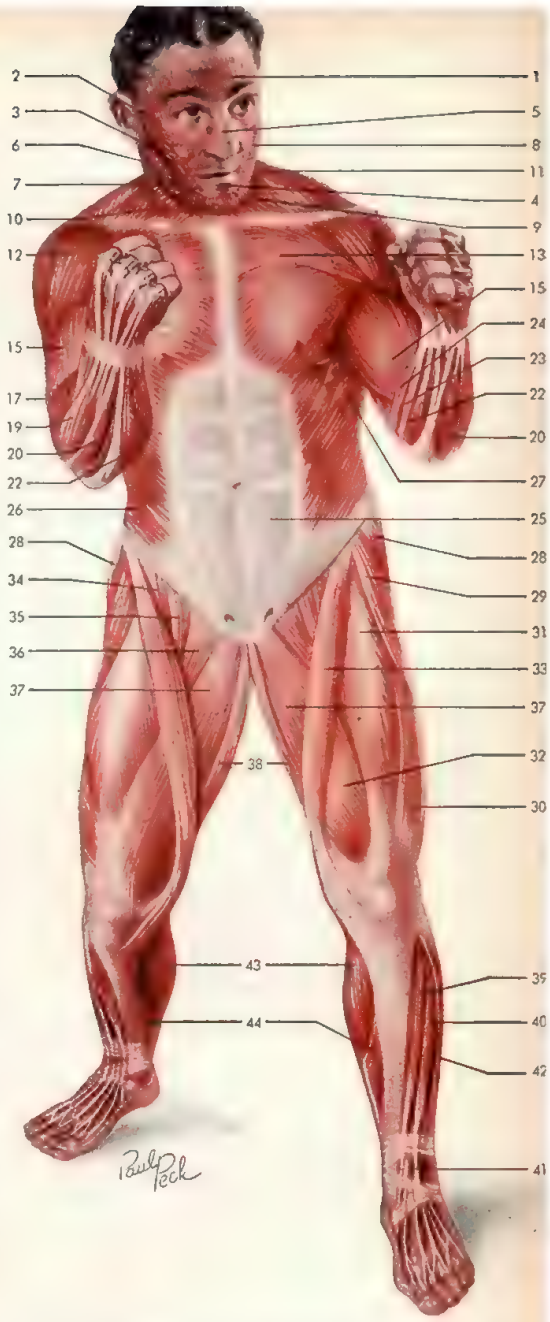
These drawings by Paul Peck reveal the structure of the two men who fight for the heavyweight championship next week but as Budd Schulberg points out mind may triumph over muscles

freely sweating on a rubbing table after going five rounds with his sparring partners and twice that many with the newsreel cameras, you were reminded of the thick hard fat covering a slab of country-smoked bacon.

But musculature, as my medical friends must call it, will hardly decide the pattern of the fight. Boxing is still a contest of skills and wills and the secret of next Wednesday night lies not in the tibialis anterior or the sternocleidomastoid (to try one on for size) but in the brain reflexes, the battle plan, the mind-over-matter determination of these two contrasting but equally well-conditioned athletes. The natures of both men as well as their muscular development govern their styles.

Ezzard was a proud, stylish, self-contained, not quite arrogant figure presiding over the training table. When we talked about books—for it is a notorious, Tunney-ish fact that he reads—he said sternly, "I've put books aside. They could distract me from what I'm doing. A prize fighter has to be crude and tough—crude and tough." He seemed to savor the sound of it. Then he showed his regular, white-as-a-tooth-paste-ad teeth in a revealing grin. What he meant is he's been accused of being a Ferdinand of the prize ring and now he means to prove—if any proof is wanted off the last one—that he is ready to concentrate all of his knowledge and courage and coordination into an all-stops-out effort to become the first ex-champion ever to fight his way back to the top of the mountain.

Rocky doesn't need to talk himself into concentration. He doesn't need to shift mental gears to step himself up to his top fighting speed. He is, as Scott Fitzgerald would have said, a natural, and while he is as warm-hearted and gentle and ingratiating a young man as ever you want to meet, he is out to prove next Wednesday night that he was ring-rusty in June and that in his thick hands and short, chunky arms he has the power to knock out the best-conditioned and far away the best man he ever fought.



DR. PECK SAYS:

Although both Rocky Marciano and Ezzard Charles have splendid all-over muscular development, each has one area in which his musculature is outstanding. In the case of Rocky it is in his phenomenally developed thigh and leg muscles and in the case of Ezzard in his shoulder and arm muscles. Although I have not observed either boxer in an actual fight, their characteristic musculature should influence their styles. Since Rocky's powerful thigh and leg muscles exert a downward thrust against the ground, his most effective blow should be a short, upward one—like the recoil of a gun. Charles, contrarily, should find blows straight from the shoulder or chest most useful. Marciano's arms are unusually short, but his disadvantage in reach is offset by the great speed that characterizes all short, well-developed muscles. If the fight were held in a swimming pool, with both boxers treading water, Rocky wouldn't be able to hit very hard. Charles would. On the dry canvas at Yankee Stadium I suspect Marciano will have a distinct advantage.

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COLUMN OF THE WEEK

TODAY'S EDITORIAL PAGE

ST. LOUIS

As the Baltimore Orioles, the former St. Louis Browns are the same old cellar-dwellers. Sports Editor J. Roy Stockton, who knew them in good times and bad, examines their history and the sad lesson of a ball club bled white.

WE HAVEN'T heard anything lately about the small crowds and unfriendly fans in St. Louis having been responsible for the poor showing of the 1953 Browns on the playing field. Perhaps they're learning in Baltimore that a poor ball club is just that, whether it plays in Missouri or Maryland.

They still have a lot to learn in Baltimore, however, such as the fact that firing a manager and/or a business manager isn't an open sesame to the first division.

HONESTY'S REWARD

Let's review the front-office operation of the Orioles since the transfer from St. Louis to Baltimore. In the purchase of the Browns, Baltimore acquired a field manager, one Marty Marion, who knew all about the ball club's playing personnel, and a general manager in Bill DeWitt, one of the shrewdest men baseball has known in decades.

So what did the front office, headed by Clarence W. Miles, do? It fired Marion because he was honest enough to say the ball club was a bad one and could expect to finish no higher than seventh. And instead of persuading DeWitt, who also was under contract, to contribute his talents to the rebuilding job, the front office hired Arthur Ehlers away from the Athletics.

It took a long time to get the Browns, now the Orioles, into the plight they're in and it's going to take a long time to make them a ball club worthy of the name again. Miles says "at least $250,000 will be available next year for the purchase of playing talent."

It's going to take much more than that, Mr. Miles.

The Browns' troubles and their downward trend started years ago when Dick Muckerman made exten-

POST-DISPATCH

Each week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *will reprint an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of $250.*

sive improvements in the Grand-Dodier baseball plant, then Sportsman's Park, and invested a large chunk of dough in a new ball park at San Antonio.

Muckerman's ball club found itself in a bad financial situation. Something had to be done. Bill DeWitt started selling. The club's talent pool was used to bail out the ball club.

Then the DeWitts, Bill and Charley, bought the club from Muckerman. They may have had a burning desire at the time to make the investment a permanent thing. If they had the burning desire or the hope, they were soon disillusioned.

Subsequently, to keep their ownership alive pending a capital-gain deal, which was their only out, they had to dip into the talent pool. We remember one dip. The DeWitts announced they had made a deal with the Red Sox, trading Al Zarilla for Stan Spence, "in an effort to strengthen the Browns." That one didn't fool anybody. It was soon learned that the Browns had received, with the aging Spence, more than $100,000.

DRASTIC IS THE RIGHT WORD

The cash deals kept the DeWitts in business, however, until Bill Veeck came along, and in the sale of the club to Bill and his associates the DeWitts emerged with a handsome profit.

Veeck, too, was a capital-gain man. He had no intention of making ownership of the Browns a permanent thing in St. Louis. But when he finally sold the wreck to the Baltimore group, Veeck also came out with a profit.

It's going to take a long time, Mr. Miles, to put all that blood back into the ball club. And you're right when you use the word drastic. What has to be done must be drastic. But $250,000 isn't drastic enough.

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QUEEN OF THE TURF

Racing on grass in the U.S. gets a boost from Elizabeth Regina

by ALBION HUGHES

TURF RACING in this country has been given the royal nod by Queen Elizabeth. By accepting the invitation of John D. Shapiro, president of Laurel in Maryland, to run her black colt, Landau, in the Washington, D.C. International in November, the Queen gave a booster shot to racing over grass in this country.

American turf racing is growing in popularity everywhere. Belmont and Santa Anita inaugurated grass courses this year and about a dozen tracks now have grass features, which until quite recently could be seen only at Hialeah. But old Maryland gets credit for creating our first real international race.

Two years ago the mile-and-a-half turf stake for three-year-olds and up was inaugurated at Laurel. An invitation affair, it drew horses from abroad because of proper timing and the fact that the race was run under conditions familiar to the invaders: a walk-up start and a grass course. An English colt, Wilwyn, was the first winner. Then came Worden II, Pennsylvania owned, but a French-bred-and-raced horse. This year the royal colors—purple, scarlet and gold—may well come through. Landau is a triple-stake winner, a son of Dante from the great mare Sun Chariot. Nearco is his grandpappy.

FIRST EQUINE EXPORT

Never before have the colors of a British reigning monarch been seen on a foreign course. Not even in the days of Edward VII, Elizabeth's great-grandfather, who, as Prince of Wales, won many a Derby and one Grand National. Modern British royalty's interest in racing dates back at least to Charles II, who made Newmarket Heath his country playground and important in racing annals. His niece Queen Anne inherited his enthusiasm and promoted Ascot, which is to this day a royal demesne.

As interest in turf racing grows in this country we will, of course, develop horses which run well on the grass. To date, the top turf runners in American stables are mostly foreign-bred, with Hasty House Farm's English-bred Stan, the top 1954 horse. It is possible that the triple turf stake events at Atlantic City in mid-September will turn up some native horses which can compete with Landau, and other foreign-breds.

On September 15 two stakes, one for American-bred and one for foreign-bred horses, will be run off. Then the first four in each division will be invited to run in the $50,000 added United Nations Turf Stakes September 25th, with no added starters.

• • •

A sprinting Canadian-bred, Canadian-owned mare, Canadiana, just played with the rest of the 19 girls in last Saturday's Vagrancy Handicap at Aqueduct. Ironically, she is not entered in the richer and more important distaff test, the Beldame, on September 18th.

• • •

Only significant thing about the $144,820 Washington Park Futurity last Saturday was the defeat of Royal Note, the 2-5 favorite ridden by Arcaro.

• • •

Andy Crevolin, owner of the Kentucky Derby-winner Determine, was suspended by the California and Illinois Racing Boards, pending hearings later this month. His injudicious tape-recorded interview which appeared in *The Blood-Horse* had the results a more astute man might have anticipated. As we noted here last week, Crevolin gave the impression that his horses might not try to win if things were not to the stable's liking. Subsequently, Andy said he didn't really mean it, but the damage was done. The two state boards have done the only thing they could do under the circumstances. The bright side of the affair is that it aired the question of "qualifying" horses. Maybe some good will come of it.

BOATING

LEGGIE FOREVER

The indomitable Mrs. Mertz is the best woman sailor in American waters

by ROBERT N. BAVIER JR.

THE BEST woman sailor in the country this year is a tall, thin, tousle-haired Long Island Sound skipper who talks like a foghorn undergoing a change of voice. To the many friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Allegra Knapp Mertz, otherwise known as "Leggie," it was an occasion for rejoicing when she won the Mrs. Charles Francis Adams Trophy last month, and therewith the women's national sailing championship. Leggie had been chasing the Adams Cup for more years than many of Long Island's youthful skippers can remember, and had done an awful lot for sailing on the way.

CARELESS AND COLORFUL

Leggie, in fact, practically personifies the sport on Long Island Sound, where champions are bred. The high screech of her excited voice is as familiar to sailors old and young as a sea gull's cry, and just about as omnipresent. Her language is as colorful as her appearance, which a euphemist would describe as "careless." After her Adams Cup victory, she found a comment in a New York paper to the effect that there is more good sailing ability than good looks among the girl skippers on the Sound. "Hey, Mertz!" yelled Leggie at her husband, James M. Mertz, "here's a guy who thinks I'm a good sailor!" And she roared with laughter.

The casual visitor overhearing stray comments about Leggie on any Long Island dock would probably get the impression that no more disagreeable personality ever held a racing vessel's tiller. He could scarcely be more wrong. Leggie is noisy, opinionated, and hopelessly sentimental when it comes to kids. She has a way of adopting almost any junior sailor who may cross her path, generally with more vigor than diplomacy. "Every kid in the club hates my guts," she says. "I'm always giving 'em hell for the sloppy way they keep their boats and the damn fool things they do." But what she doesn't say is that there isn't a kid around who, as he grew older, didn't wind up thinking the world of Leggie Mertz. She makes them better sailors and she gives a "shipshape" prize each year to the one who keeps his boat best.

Nobody ever stays mad at Leggie very long. Those who know her best and longest like her most. The loser in an argument with her usually realizes that she was right after all; and that, anyway, anything she says or does is not for selfish interest but because she feels it's best for sailing, which she passionately loves.

She's had a lot of things to do besides win races in latter years. Her two children, Jamie, aged 13, and young Leggie, 10, took more of their mother's time than most because she was determined that they would be good sailors. They each have boats of their own. A week after Leggie won the Adams Cup little Leggie came home for dinner wearing a big smile. "I just won three races at the club this afternoon," she said. "My God," cried Leggie. "How'd you do it? I didn't know you even knew how to round a mark the right way."

"I don't know, Mother," said little Leggie, "but now can I crew for you in the Adams Cup?"

"Hell, no," was her mother's fond reply. "You're not allowed to crew until you're 15 and I don't know if I'll last that long."

FATHERLY ADVICE

Neither Leggie nor little Leggie, of course, believed a word of that. Two years ago, when Leggie finished seventh out of nine in the Long Island championships, a fatherly old member of the host club who should have known better counseled her to quit. "You're getting too old," he said. "After all, most of the competition are still in their 'teens."

Leggie didn't forget that. When she was asked how it felt to be the best woman sailor in the country again, she answered: "It feels terrific. It feels even better than in 1950 'cause I proved that fathead who told me I should quit was nuts. After all"—and she grinned maliciously—"I'm forty-one!"

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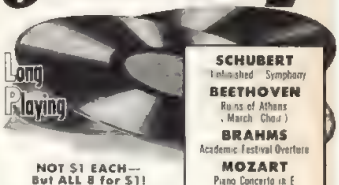

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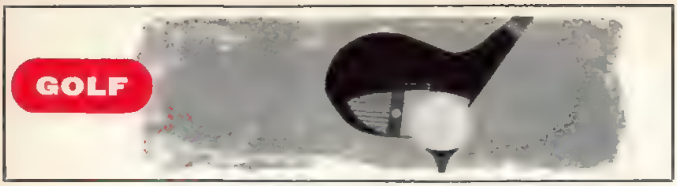


MEETING AT MERION

In the Curtis Cup the ladies politely played some very good golf

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE Merion Golf Club's East Course must surely be the most versatile 18 holes in the country. Most courses sturdy enough to test the top pros are seldom suitable battlegrounds even for the best amateurs, but here is Merion, over the last 38 years not only the scene of two National Open championships and three National Amateurs, but also of two National Women's Amateurs—and equable for all. Last Thursday and Friday, some four years after it had proved in the 1950 Open to be all that the best modern men pros could handle, Merion was host to the eighth Curtis Cup match, the biennial series between teams of women amateurs representing the United States and the British Isles. There was some beautiful golf and some really remarkable scoring by both sides. Merion's secret, perhaps, is that it is such a sound course it demands good shotmaking and such a lovely course it encourages it.

MAIN LINEAR MEETING

Of the important golf competitions, some have the primary flavor of "championships," others of "tournaments" or "matches" or "contests" or just plain "events." The Curtis Cup —three foursomes, six singles—inveterately produces an atmosphere so intimate and sporting and old-fashionedly well-bred that you think of it as a "tourney," better still a "meeting." On Thursday, when the foursomes were played, there was about as much tension in the air as if a team of Wilmington ladies were up against a team of their Philadelphia friends. The gallery was made up almost entirely of women, *they all seemed to know each other,* and the majority were so Main Linear in countenance and accent that a stranger might well have mistaken any one of a score of them for the nonplaying captain of the British side.

By midafternoon on Thursday the outcome of the meeting had been fairly well decided, for the United States had conclusively wrapped up all three foursomes. Playing the ninth hole, the 27th of the match, the first American pair of Mary Lena Faulk and Polly Riley stood 3-up on their opponents. On this hole, a stiff 160-yard one-shotter from an elevated tee to a kidney-shaped green protected by a stream (in front) and by five of Merion's famous "white faces," its flashed stand-up traps, Mary Lena wafted a five-iron eight feet from the hole and Polly holed the putt. A short while later the second foursome came to the 27th, the Americans 6-up, and Pat Lesser played a six-iron 15 feet from the hole and Claire Doran holed the putt. A short time after this—you just had to stick around and see if the third American team could get *its* bird—Dorothy Kirby and Barbara Romack arrived at the 27th tee 6-up, and, almost inevitably it seemed, Dorothy hit a superb five-iron seven feet from the hole and Barbara holed it for the deuce. Over the day's play, hitting alternate shots, Romack and Kirby, Faulk and Riley, and Frances Stephens and Elizabeth Price, the lead British pair, each had a nine in 36 and Doran and Lesser got around in 74 shots in the morning—wonderful stuff when you consider that, aside from teeing up an average of thirty yards forward from the men's championship markers, they were playing just about the same layout on which Ben Hogan averaged 71¾ strokes for his four rounds in the 1950 Open. The over-all scoring fell off a bit on the second day, but Claire Doran, the tall, lithe, sometime-schoolteacher from Cleveland, began to do everything right after a rocky start, and sailed through the last 26 holes of her match in *three under even fours.* I doubt if any woman golfer has ever played a more brilliant stretch in competition over a major course.

A LIKELY LASS

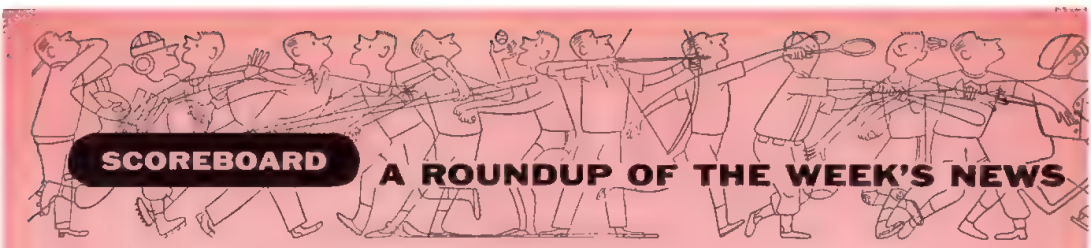
On Friday, when they were faced with winning five of the six singles to retain the cup they had won at Muirfield in 1952, the best the British could manage was three. One of these victories, however, could well be one we will all be referring to for years to come, for it introduced a thoroughly winning 19-year-old Scottish girl named Janette Robertson—a lass who is veritably a lass. Miss Robertson works as an assistant cashier for a tire manufacturing company in Glasgow and would appear to be the finest young British player to come along since Pam Barton. In an almost classic match, she came up against young Joyce Ziske, our stocky, aggressive, and very capable North and South champion. One down after 18 and still one down after 27, young Miss Robertson, not an emotion out of place, thinking out each *shot clearly and then executing it with* great definition, won three of the next seven holes. Dormie two at the 210-yard 35th, she poked a brassie 16 feet from the pin and rolled in the putt, all of it as easily as spreading marmalade on toast. And you felt she could do it again.

OUT OF CHARACTER

LONG-BALL HITTER

Bobby Jones once said, "This fellow has the best swing I ever saw." But he meant in golf. For 17 years the "fellow" has been winning top tournaments with long drives and spectacular gambles. Short putts are his weak point and the National Open has been his jinx. Still one of the favorites in each tournament he enters is the drawling Slammer:

Sam Snead



SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Jutta Langneau** of East Germany set world record of 1:16.6 in heat for women's 100-meter butterfly during European swimming championships at Turin, then tied mark in winning finals. Five days later, **Shelley Mann,** 16, of Arlington, Va. lowered record another 2.6 seconds in AAU meet at Richmond, Va.

● **Mrs. Carola Mandel** of Chicago became first woman ever to win national skeet-shooting title when she broke 50 straight targets in shoot-off with five male opponents for 20-gauge championship of U.S. in meet at Waterford, Mich.

● **Bob Bowen** of Los Angeles drove souped-up Shadoff Special to American and International Class C record of 248.26 mph in National Speed trials at Bonneville, Utah.

● **Joe Bauman,** 32-year-old first baseman for Roswell, N. Mex. in Class C Longhorn League, broke Organized Baseball's all-time record for home runs in a single season by hitting his 70th against Jose Gallardo of Artesia in opening game of double-header. In second game, last of season for league, he hit two more.

● **Everett Brashear** of Lake Charles, La. won national 100-mile motorcycle championship at Langhorne, Pa. in world-record time of one hour, six minutes, 6.15 seconds.

TENNIS

LONG WAIT—**Vic Seixas** of Philadelphia, beaten in straight sets in 1951 and 1953 Forest Hills finals, won U.S. National singles championship from Rex Hartwig of Australia, 3-6, 6-2, 6-4, 6-4.

● **Doris Hart** of Coral Gables, Fla., defeated in five previous women's finals, won from Louise Brough 6-8, 6-1, 8-6.

HORSE RACING

JOCKEYS **Ted Atkinson,** 38, rode 3,000th winner of 16-year racing career when he got home first aboard Greentree Stable's Devastation in six-furlong race at Aqueduct.

● **Willie Shoemaker,** champion U.S. jockey last year, rode six winners at Del Mar, Calif., now leads nation's jockeys for 1954 honors with 242. Runners-up so far this season: Willie Hartack, 205; Tony DeSpirito, 1952 champion, 201.

LONG SHOT H. P. Headley's **Georgian,** 28-1 going out of gate, won $144,820 Washington Park Futurity by two lengths in fast time of 1:10 1/5. Seventh in six-furlong sprint: Wilton Stable's Royal Note, top-weighted at 122 and 2/5 prerace favorite.

SHUT MY MOUTH—**Andy Crevolin,** top money-winning owner in U.S. and owner of Kentucky Derby-winner Determine, was suspended by California Horse Racing Board for saying (SI, Sept. 6) that he sometimes ordered jockeys not to try to win races. Next day, Crevolin was also suspended in Illinois.

HARNESS Max Hempt's three-year-old **Stenographer,** world record holder in nine trotting divisions, won Gainesway Stake in straight heats at DuQuoin, Ill.

● On same grand circuit card, S. H. Huttenbauer's **Prince Victor** won last two heats to take $19,151 Matron Stakes for three-year-old trotters. Also ran: Newport Farm's Newport Dream—unraced since winning Hambletonian Aug. 4.

● Six-year-old **Philip Scott** won Invitational Pace at Roosevelt Raceway after J. S. Turner's favored Adios Boy was withdrawn because of colic condition and fever. Runner-up: Grant Hodgins' Prince Adios, which dropped dead of heart attack just after crossing finish line.

GOLF

THE LADIES—**United States** women's golf team regained Curtis Cup by beating Great Britain, 6-3, in two-day match on Merion Golf Course at Ardmore, Pa.

● Margaret Smith, 17, of Guadalajara, Mexico, even-up after eight holes, finished strongly to beat Sue Driscoll of Normandy, Mo., five and three, for U.S. junior girls championship at Bridgeport, Pa.

THE PROS—**Tommy Bolt** of Houston, Texas shot final 64 to win Rubber City Open at Akron, Ohio with 72-hole total of 265 strokes. Runner-up: Fred Hawkins of El Paso, Texas (270).

AUTO RACING

LATE MOVES—**Juan Manuel Fangio,** who has already cinched 1954 world road-racing championship, moved his Mercedes into lead on 68th lap and stayed in front to win Grand Prix of Italy at Monza. Runner-up in 504-kilometer grind: Mike Hawthorn of England in Ferrari.

● **Don O'Dell** of Blue Island, Ill. drove his 1954 Packard into lead at 88th lap, held on to win 100-mile AAA stock-car race at DuQuoin, Ill. in track-record time of 1:24:15.87. Runner-up: Jim Rathman of Chicago in an Oldsmobile.

BOXING

POSTPONED **Kid Gavilan's** defense of world welterweight title against Johnny Saxton of New York City—scheduled for Sept. 1 at Philadelphia—was postponed indefinitely when doctors decided Gavilan was suffering from fever and inflammation of left parotid gland, *i.e.*, mumps.

BASEBALL

NEW LINE—As major leagues moved into final weeks, there was bad news for winter-book odds makers. **Cleveland Indians,** 3-1 second choice in American League before season opened, dropped two out of three to **New York Yankees** but picked up lost ground against Chicago to lead league by 4½ games at week's end. Latest price on Cleveland pennant: 2-7. Yankees, even money for sixth straight pennant in April, had dropped to 5-2 second choice. In National League, **New York Giants,** priced at 6-1 behind three other teams in April, whipped **Brooklyn Dodgers** two out of three and stood four games in front. Latest line: Giants, 1-4 to win; Dodgers 3-1 against; and Milwaukee—in third place by five games—15-1 against. No other teams were quoted.

HEROES—While nation was watching pennant races, individual ballplayers were piling up impressive figures of their own:

● **Ted Kluszewski** of Cincinnati Redlegs hit 5 home runs during week, took over National League leadership from Willie Mays of Giants with 44.

● **Ted Williams** of Boston Red Sox hit 363rd home run of career, now stands fifth behind Babe Ruth (714), Jimmy Foxx (534), Mel Ott (511), and Lou Gehrig (493) in all-time major-league standings.

● **Herb Score,** star left-hander for Indianapolis Indians in American Association, struck out 15 St. Paul batters to raise record season total to 304. Such feats won him league's Rookie of Year and Most Valuable Player awards.

● **John Hunter,** pitching for Clearwater, Fla. softball team, led team to five straight victories in Southern regional play-offs for softball World Series Sept. 18-23. Hunter's season record, including play-offs: 22 wins, one loss; strike-outs—490 in 234 innings; earned runs for season—one.

HURLING

GREAT DAY—**County Cork's** Senior hurling team came from behind at half time to beat Wexford for All-Ireland Hurling championship, one goal and nine points to one goal and six points, before 75,000 spectators at Croke Park, Dublin.

SAILING

UP NAVY—**Tom Allen,** 23-year-old corpsman on special leave from Navy, piled up 180 points to win five-race International Lightning class championship at Detroit. Runners-up: H. R. Sindle of Little Falls, N.J. with 172 points; Eugene H. Walet 3rd of New Orleans, 1953 Mallory Cup champion, with 164.

UP CANADA—**Harry Jemmett** of Kingston, Ont. won final race to take home Sears Cup—emblematic of U.S. junior sailing title—with total of 48½ points after four-day regatta at Holland, Mich.

GUNNING

SKEET—**Howard Confer,** 35, of Detroit won all-gauge title in national skeet-shooting championships by breaking 75 straight targets in shoot-off with Andy Laird of Stockton, Calif. Other major titlists in six-day meet:

● **Col. Salvadore P. Roig** of Puerto Rico,

over-all championship with 535 targets out of 550.

● **Mrs. Carola Mandel,** 20-gauge title and women's over-all title.

RIFLE AND PISTOL **Alonzo Woods** of Elbridge, N.Y. hit 3,193 bull's-eyes in 3,200 shots to win national small-bore rifle championship at Camp Perry, Ohio.

● **Lt. Harry Reeves** of Detroit police force won U.S. pistol championship for sixth time with 2,587 points out of possible 2,700.

HORSE SHOW

WALKAWAY Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Garnier's **White Star,** a four-year-old white mare, was judged champion over 647 other entries at the 16th Annual Tennessee Walking Horse National Celebration at Shelbyville, Tenn.

AIRPLANE RACING

CONTINENTAL—Capt. **Edward W. Kenny** of Van Dyke, Mich. gunned F-84F Thunderstreak over the 1,900 miles from Edwards Air Base, Calif. to Dayton, Ohio in three hours, one minute, 56 seconds to win Bendix Trophy at National Aircraft Show. Capt. Kenny's average speed (including two fuel stops : 616.208 mph.

FOOTBALL

GOING STRONG **Amos Alonzo Stagg,** 92, turned down offer to assist his son as coach of Susquehanna (Pa.) University team, and signed as advisory coach at Stockton College, Calif. Stagg thus begins 65th consecutive year as college football coach.

CANOE RACING

SWEEP—**Canadian** canoe racers piled up 43 points in sweeping all six events at North American championships at Washington, D. C. Runner-up: United States, with 11 points.

FISHING

CALLED OFF—The **Atlantic Tuna Derby,** scheduled to start Aug. 31 off Point Judith, R. I., was canceled when hurricane winds damaged or sank 27 boats.

MILEPOSTS

HONORED—**Mrs. Marion Ladewig,** 39-year-old grandmother from Grand Rapids, Mich., and **Don Carter** of St. Louis; by the Bowling Writers Association of America, which named them Bowlers of the Year—Mrs. Ladewig for sixth consecutive time and Carter for second time.

DIED—**Bert Acosta,** 59, onetime holder of national airplane speed record (176.9 in 1921) and world endurance record (51 hours, 11 minutes, 25 seconds in 1927); after a two-year illness; in Denver.

DIED **Maurice Tillet,** 51, who wrestled professionally as the French Angel; of aggravated heart condition 13 hours after he learned of death of manager and close friend Karl Pajello.

DIED **Maj. John L. Armstrong,** 32; in exploding F-86 Sabrejet in which he was trying to break world 310-mile closed-course speed record (649.302 mph) he had set at National Aircraft Show two days earlier.

BASEBALL (Major Leagues) Week ending September 5

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. CLEVE. W-4 L-3 Seas. 97-39 Pct. 713	Boston **5-4**	New York **6-1,** 1-4 2-3	Chicago **3-2,** 5-8 **8-2**	
2. N.Y. W-3, L-3 Seas 92-43 Pct. 682	Cleveland 1-6 **4-1** **3-2**	Washington **9-2,** 2-5 4-5		
3. CHI. W-2 L-3 Seas.. 87-50 Pct.: .635	Boston 2-7 **6-3**	Cleveland 2-3, **8-5** 2-3		
4. BOST. W-4, L-3 Seas 60-74 Pct. 448	Cleveland 4-6	Chicago **7-2,** 3-6	Philadelphia **11-1,** 3-4 **12-5, 7-3**	
5. DET. W-2, L-4 Seas 59-76 Pct .437	Washington 3-1, 1-4 6-6	Baltimore **4-3, 7-4** 3-4		
6. WASH. W-5 L-2 Seas 57-77 Pct .425	Baltimore 1-5	Detroit **5-3, 4-0** **16-6**	New York 2-9 **5-2** **5-4**	
7. PHILA. W-3 L-3 Seas 45-90 Pct. 333	Baltimore **8-6, 6-3**	Boston 1-11, **4-3** 5-12 3-7		
8. BALT. W-2 L-4 Seas 44-92 Pct.: .324	Washington **3-1**	Philadelphia 6-8, 3-6	Detroit 3-4, 4-7 **4-3**	

LEADERS

Batting—Noren, New York, and Avila, Cleveland, .334
Runs batted in—Doby, Cleveland, 111
Home runs—Doby, Cleveland, 30
Pitching—Consuegra, Chicago, 16-3

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. N.Y. W-4, L-2 Seas 84-49 Pct 632	St. Louis **4-1, 5-3**	Cincinnati 7-9	Brooklyn **7-4, 13-4** 4-7	
2. BKLYN. W-2 L-5 Seas. 81-54 Pct : 600	Milw. 5-7 0-2	Chicago 5-9, **10-2**	New York 4-7 4-13 **7-4**	
3. MILW. W-7, L-0 Seas 79-54 Pct : 594	Brooklyn **7-5, 2-0**	Pittsburgh **3-1**	Cincinnati **3-2, 5-4** **11-8, 9-7**	
4. PHILA. W-6, L-1 Seas : 64-69 Pct .481	Cincinnati 1-5 **9-3**	St. Louis **3-2, 5-4**	Pittsburgh **7-1, 10-2** **12-5**	
5. CIN. W-2, L-5 Seas. 65-71 Pct : .478	Philadelphia **5-1,** 3-9	New York **9-7**	Milwaukee 2-3 4-5 8-11, 7-9	
6. ST. L. W-1, L-6 Seas. 61-74 Pct : .452	New York 1-4 3-5	Philadelphia 2-4 4-5	Chicago 3-4 5-6 **6-2**	
7. CHI. W-5, L-2 Seas. 58-78 Pct. .426	Pittsburgh **14-2, 7-3**	Brooklyn **9-5,** 2-6	St. Louis **4-3, 6-5** 2-6	
8. PITTS. W-0, L-6 Seas 46-89 Pct 341	Chicago 2-14 3-7	Milwaukee 3-6	Philadelphia 7-2 2-10 5-12	

LEADERS

Batting—Snider, Brooklyn, 348
Runs batted in—Kluszewski, Cincinnati, 119
Home runs—Kluszewski, Cincinnati, 44
Pitching—Antonelli, New York, 20-4

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

GENE LOCK Detroit 100-m natl modified stock car championship, in 1 29.36, Detroit
PAT O'CONNOR, North Vernon Ind., 30-m. A.A.A. natl. sprint race, in 21:33.46, DuQuoin, Ill.

BASEBALL

SAN DIEGO, CALIF., over Gastonia, N.C., 7-2, American Legion Jr. championship, Yakima, Wash.

BOXING

CHARLIE NORKUS, 10-round split decision over Cesar Brion, heavyweights, New York
CHARLEY POWELL, 6-round TKO over Keene Simmons heavyweights, Oakland, Calif.
REX LAYNE, 10-round decision over Chuck Woodworth, heavyweights, West Jordan, Utah
BOB SATTERFIELD, 7-round KO over Frankie Daniels, light heavyweights, New York
TIBERIO MITRI 10-round decision over Les Allen, middleweights, Rome
ART ARAGON, 5-round TKO over Mario Trigo, welterweights, Albuquerque, N. Mex.
SANDY SADDLER, 1 round KO over Jackie Blair, featherweights (non-title), Caracas, Venezuela.

CANOEING

(North American championships, Washington, D.C.)
DON STRINGER, Sudbury, Ont., one-man single blade
LOU LUKANOVICH and JOHN M. MORRAN Sudbury, Ont., tandem kayak
BOB SMITH, Montreal, one-man kayak
TOM HODGSON and WILLIAM STEVENSON, Toronto tandem singles
ART DIERDEN, PAUL LAMBERT, GUS LAMANITA and JACK HAYWARD Toronto 4-man singles
ROBERT CORDNER, JACK McKEE AL McCLEARY and ED CLARK, Montreal, 4-man doubles.

FOOTBALL

SAN FRANCISCO 49ers over Cleveland Browns, 38-21 San Francisco (exhibition)
LOS ANGELES RAMS over Chicago Cardinals, 51-17 Portland, Ore (exhibition)
PHILADELPHIA EAGLES, over Green Bay Packers, 24-13 Hershey, Pa (exhibition)
DETROIT LIONS, over N.Y. Giants, 28-13 Norman Okla (exhibition)
CHICAGO BEARS over Washington Redskins, 29-20, Columbia, S.C. (exhibition)
MONTREAL ALOUETTES over Ottawa Rough Riders 21-7 Montreal (Eastern Big Four Union)
HAMILTON TIGER-CATS, over Toronto Argonauts, 17-6, Toronto (Eastern Big Four Union)
CALGARY STAMPEDERS over Vancouver Lions, 34-0, Calgary (Western Interprovincial Union)
CALGARY STAMPEDERS over Winnipeg Blue Bombers, 41-0 Calgary (Western Interprovincial Union)
REGINA ROUGH RIDERS, over Vancouver Lions, 17-0, Vancouver (Western Interprovincial Union).

GOLF

JOE CARR, Ireland, over Cecil Ewing, 6 and 4, Irish Amateur, Dublin

HARNESS RACING

MEADOW LEO $24,279 McMahon Memorial Stake, 2-yr.-old pace, DuQuoin, Ill. Benny Schue, driver.
BUTCH HANOVER $23,589 Castleton Farm Stake, 2-yr.-old trot, in race-off, DuQuoin, Ill. Joe O'Brien, driver.

HORSE RACING

CANADIANA $32,425 Vagrancy Handicap, 7 f., by 2½ lengths, in 1:23⅘, Aqueduct, N.Y. Charles O'Brien up.
FAIR MOLLY $31,250 Del Mar Debutante, 6 f., by a neck in 1:10⅘, Del Mar, Calif. Willie Shoemaker up.
CRASH DIVE $29,250 Aqueduct Handicap 1 1/16 m., by 2 lengths, in 1:44⅘, Aqueduct, N.Y. Eric Guerin up.
GOOD CALL $28,575 Beverly Handicap, 1 m., by a nose, in 1:35⅘, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill. Johnny Adams up.

HORSHOE PITCHING

FLOYD TOOLE, Little Rock, Ark., Natl. A.A.U. singles championship, with 8 and 1, Marietta, Ga.

MOTORBOATING

SAMARI, piloted by Harry A. Spangler, Larchmont, N.Y. N.Y.A.C. 33-m. predicted-log cruiser race, with 99.23 percent accuracy, Pelham, N.Y.

POLO

MEADOWBROOK-DETROIT, over Milwaukee, 7-3, U.S. Natl Open semifinal, Hinsdale, Ill.

SAILING

U.S., intl. 6-meter team races, with 99¼ pts., Toronto.

SHOOTING

(Natl skeetshooting championships, Waterford Mich.)
CHARLES PRENTISS, Fabens, Tex., jr. all-gauge title, with 245 of 250
JOSEPH GEORGE Sudersville, Md., sr all-gauge title, with 243 of 250
S. H. GRIPP, Houston, Tex., veterans' overall title, with 236 of 250
(U.S. Rifle & Pistol championships, Camp Perry, Ohio)
U.S. ARMY team trophy pistol title with 1,108 of 1,200.
MAJ. WILLIAM HANCOCK, El Paso Tex., individual trophy pistol title, with 285 of 300
LUCILLE CHAMBLISS, Winter Haven, Fla., U.S. women's pistol title, with 2,441 pts.
MRS. ELEANOR BELL, Santa Ana, Calif., small-bore women's rifle title, with 3,186 of 3,200.

SWIMMING

HUNGARY, won 9 of 18 events, European championships, Turin, Italy.

TENNIS

DAVID FREED, Salt Lake City, over William A. Maxwell, 6-3, 6-3, U.S. Natl. Sr. singles, New York.

COMING EVENTS

● TELEVISED EVENTS: ALL TIMES GIVEN ARE E.D.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

September 10 through 16

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10

Boxing

● Carmen Basilio vs. Carmine Fiori, welterweights, Mad. Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (NBC)

Football

Detroit Lions vs. Cleveland Browns (exhibition), Dallas, Tex., 8 p.m. C.D.T.
Los Angeles Rams vs. San Francisco 49ers (exhibition), Los Angeles, 8 p.m. P.D.T.
Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Baltimore Colts (exhibition), Tulsa, Okla., 8 p.m. C.D.T.

Golf

Women's P.G.A., Glen Echo C.C., St. Louis.

Sailing

Comet Class championships, Chester River, Md.
Raven Class championships, Oyster Bay, N.Y.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11

Archery

New England championships, Concord, N.H.

Auto Racing

A.A.A. 100-m. championship race, Syracuse, N.Y.

Baseball

Natl. Amateur Baseball Federation tournament, Youngstown, Ohio.

Boxing

● Joe Miceli vs. Wallace "Bud" Smith, welterweights, Music Hall, Cincinnati (10 rds.), 9 p.m. (ABC).

Football

Ottawa Rough Riders vs. Toronto Argonauts, Toronto (Eastern Big Four Union)
● Hamilton Tiger-Cats vs. Montreal Alouettes, Montreal (Eastern Big Four Union), 1:45 p.m. (NBC).
Calgary Stampeders vs. Edmonton Eskimos, Edmonton (Western Interprovincial Union).
Vancouver Lions vs. Regina Rough Riders, Regina (Western Interprovincial Union).
Green Bay Packers vs. Washington Redskins (exhibition), Raleigh, N.C., 8 p.m.
Chicago Cardinals vs. Philadelphia Eagles (exhibition), St. Louis, 8 p.m. C.D.T.

Horse Racing

St. Leger, 1¾ m., 3-yr.-olds, Doncaster, England. Last of England's classic races.
● Discovery Handicap, $25,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds, Aqueduct, N.Y., 4 p.m. (CBS).
World's Playground Stakes, $25,000, 7 f., 2-yr.-olds, Atlantic City, N.J.
Chicago Handicap, $25,000, 1 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Hawthorne, Cicero, Ill.
Del Mar Futurity, $25,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Del Mar, Calif.

Motorboating

Mile High Gold Cup, Lake Tahoe, Calif.

Steeplechase

Foxcatcher Natl. Cup, 3 m., Fair Hill, Md.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 12

Archery

Wisconsin Bow Hunters Shoot, Necedah, Wis.

Auto Racing

A.A.A. 200-m. natl. championship stock car race, Milwaukee
NASCAR 100-m. Grand Natl., Macon, Ga.

Bicycling

U.S. 50-m. all-around championship, St. Louis.

Boxing

Dan Bucceroni vs. Heinz Neuhaus, heavyweights, Dortmund, Germany (10 rds.).

Dogs

Westchester Kennel Club show, Westchester C.C., Rye, N.Y.

Football

Chicago Bears vs. N.Y. Giants (exhibition), Chicago, 1:05 p.m. C.D.T.

Polo

U.S. Natl. Open final, Oak Brook Polo Club, Hinsdale, Ill.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 13

Baseball

All-Army tournament, Camp Carson, Colo.

Boxing

● Ralph Dupas vs. Frankie Ryff, lightweights, Eastern Pkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. (8 rds.), 10 p.m. (ABC).
● Bobby Jones vs. Jimmy Martinez, middleweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont).

Football

Edmonton Eskimos vs. Calgary Stampeders, Calgary (Western Interprovincial Union).
Vancouver Lions vs. Winnipeg Blue Bombers, Winnipeg (Western Interprovincial Union).

Golf

Nat'l. Women's Amateur, Allegheny C.C., Sewickley, Pa.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14

Golf

Arkansas Open, Jonesboro C.C., Ark.

Harness Racing

Reading Fair Futurity, $14,000, 3-yr.-old pace, Reading, Pa.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15

Boxing

Rocky Marciano vs. Ezzard Charles, for heavyweight title, Yankee Stadium, N.Y. (15 rds.), 10:30 p.m. (theater television CBS radio).

Football

Chicago Cardinals vs. Baltimore Colts (exhibition), Chicago, 8:30 p.m. C.D.T.
San Francisco 49ers vs. Pittsburgh Steelers (exhibition), Tucson, Ariz., 8 p.m. M.D.T.

Horse Racing

Rhode Island Special, $50,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Lincoln Downs, Lincoln, R.I.
American Bred Stakes, $25,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J.
Foreign Bred Stakes, $25,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J.

Polo

Natl. 12-goal tournament, Blind Brook Polo Club, Port Chester, N.Y.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

Boxing

Nate Brooks vs. Raton Macias, bantamweights, Mexico City (12 rds.).

Dogs

Intl. Supreme Championship Sheepdog Trials, Worcester, Worcestershire, England.

Golf

Wichita Open, Women's P.G.A., Wichita, Kan.

Harness Racing

American Trotting Championship, $25,000, 1¼ m., Reading Fair Futurity, $18,500, 2-yr.-old trot, Reading, Pa.

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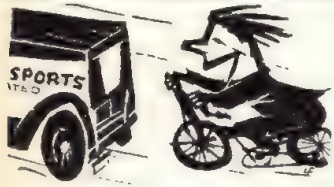

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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

SO=season opened (or opens); **SC**=season closed (or closes); **SV**=season varies by district or water.
C=clear water; **D**=water dirty or roily; **M**=water muddy.
N=water at normal height; **SH**=slightly high; **H**=high; **VH**=very high; **L**=low; **R**=rising; **F**=falling; **WT50**=water temperature 50°.
FG=fishing good; **FF**=fishing fair; **FP**=fishing poor. **OG**=outlook good; **OP**=outlook poor.

A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

BLACK BASS: MAINE: Carol scared bass into deep water in big lakes but St. Croix River producing well and **OG** in Spednic and other usual hot spots throughout September.

PENNSYLVANIA: Big annual take of largemouths from Pymatuming Reservoir should get under way this week. Allegheny River **L, C, FP** with bass running puny but **OG** when weather cools. Susquehanna and other streams in central state **H, D, FP** but high water is cleaning out algae growths and **OG** for end of month.

MISSOURI: Lake Bull Shoals (upper end) **VL, D, FF**; Lake Taneycomo **N, C, FF, OP.**

NEW YORK: Chautauqua Lake bass fishing reported best in many years, with one six-pound smallmouth caught on bait last week. St. Lawrence River improving as smallmouths average two to two and a half pounds and **OG** through rest of month.

MICHIGAN: Lake Huron **FG** in Broken Rocks area and lower Saginaw Bay with worms doing the trick; **FG** at Waughoshance Point but bass averaging smallish.

TENNESSEE: **FG**, improving despite hot weather. **OG**, best bets are Dale Hollow and Center Hill Lakes.

FLORIDA: 69-pound Don Anderson of Tampa caught 15-pound, 6-ounce bigmouth bass on surface plug in Walker Lake last week to win $5,000 central Florida bassfest; 12-year-old angler will get oodles of loot as contest sponsors claim 1,669 bass (about four tons) entered.

ONTARIO: **FG** at all North Bay district lakes, **OG** and northeast arm of Lake Temagami best bet next week.

MUSKELLUNGE: PENNSYLVANIA: Tionesta Creek between dam and Allegheny River producing muskies to 42 inches on plugs; Conneaut Lake still sad and Lake LeBoeuf (Erie County) yielding smaller fish after rash of 30-inchers.

NEW YORK: Seven-year-old Bruce Rosendahl brought in his third Chautauqua muskie of the season last week as casting and trolling around weed beds produce many fish in 20-pound class, with **OG** as water cools; 40-pounder boated in Cape Vincent area (St. Lawrence River) with Clayton reporting muskies to 29 pounds, Alexandria Bay slow.

WISCONSIN: No whoppers reported but fishing in nothern sections approaching peak, **OG** in Flowage and Wisconsin River near Tomahawk and Rhinelander, Ballard, Pine, Sugar Camp Chain and North Pelican Chain Lakes, Fish Trip Flowage.

WALLEYED PIKE: TENNESSEE: **FG** on Norris and Cumberland Lakes, **OG** for rest of month.

ONTARIO: Walleye fishing will be at best in third week of Sept., with minnows best bait. Ironside Lake in Capreol area of Wolesley Bay of French River producing some 10-pounders, **OG.**

TROUT: MICHIGAN: **SC** Sept. 12 with most lower peninsula streams in doldrums; 60 streams open for special fall season on rainbows, with **FG** at Indian River on Sturgeon River and **OG** as migration of big fish picks up steam.

COLORADO: Colorado River (Eagle area) **L, D, FF, OF**; Big Thompson (Estes Park area), North Fork of the Thompson and Fall River **VL, FP, OP**; Gunnison River (Monstrose area), Big and Little Cimarron rivers **L, C, FF, OF**; small streams in the Hahn's Peak, Columbine and upper Elk River areas **N, C, FG** for pansize fish, **OG.**

NEVADA: Truckee River producing big browns, **OG** through September.

BRITISH COLUMBIA: Mahood and Big Bar Lakes producing good kamloops action. Phenomenal run of sockeye salmon to Adams River should produce great kamloops trout fishing at Shuswap Lake and Little River in 1955-56 migration seasons (for your bring-up file).

IDAHO: Lake Pend Oreille starting to show normal fall improvement; biggest recent catch was Bing Crosby's 25-pound Dolly Varden; **OG** through Oct. All forks of Salmon River **L, WT55-60, FG** with heavy hackle flies and/or spinners.

OREGON: Umpqua River below Roseburg **L, C, FG** for sea-run cutthroats with weighted wet flies, **OG.** Wickiup Reservoir (upper Deschutes River) reports browns and rainbows to 15 pounds hitting spinning lures and deerhair dry flies, **OG.**

STRIPED BASS: NORTH CAROLINA: Fish schooling in northeastern sounds with fishing improving toward October peak.

CALIFORNIA: **FG** in delta region of Bay area for small fish (4 to 12 pounds) with Carquinez Strait trollers hitting an occasional bull bass.

MASSACHUSETTS: **OG** at Nantucket & Martha's Vineyard as waters clear and fish move into beaches.

BLUEFIN TUNA: NEW YORK: School fish dispersed by storm and **FP** at Montauk but **OG** unless Carol has cousins.

RHODE ISLAND: Tuna tournament called off as 24 of 77 boats sank or washed ashore and all suffered some hurricane damage; **OG** next two weeks with big fish reported still in area.

NOVA SCOTIA: Week's catch at Wedgeport included seven tuna over 600 pounds, best 776 (2½ hours). Maurice Meyer of U.S. International Tuna Team boated 681-pound prematch fish as British Empire team warmed up with seven.

TARPON: FLORIDA: Spin fishermen having fine time with 12/40-pound fish off bridges at Seven Mile, Spanish Harbor and Bahia Honda Keys; **OG.**

HEALTH

YOU CAN'T KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL

With the aid of high-speed movies scientists have disproved baseball's oldest maxim. In this sequence Chicago's Outfielder Hank Sauer still sees ball (*left, arrow*) as he starts his swing. In the next instant he loses sight of it (*second picture*) and, as the camera shows, does not glimpse it again until after blow is struck (*right*)

A HUNDRED years or so ago an early baseball coach waggled an admonishing finger at a chin-whiskered rookie and said, "The first rule in hitting a baseball is: 'Keep your eye on the ball from the time it leaves the pitcher's hand until the moment it hits your bat.' " This precept soon attained the status of the gospel and it has been drilled into would-be baseball players ever since. It's a fine idea, but it can't be done, no matter how physically fit the batter is.

The truth is that baseball hitters never do see the ball when they swing at it. They lose sight of it anywhere from eight to 15 feet away from home plate. Proof that the batter cannot follow a pitch all the way home comes from two physical-education researchers at the University of Illinois, Dr. Alfred W. Hubbard and Charles N. Seng, who took motion pictures of 29 major-league hitters in action.

NOT BLIND, JUST CAN'T SEE

The pictures (*above*) revealed in every case that the batter's eyes were not on the ball when it was hit. This was true whether the pitch was a fast ball traveling about 90 mph or a relatively slow ball at 55 mph.

When a batter swings he tracks the ball with his eyes alone; his head remains stationary unless he elects not to swing at all. The basic technique in tracking a baseball is called "pursuit movement," or keeping the eyes fixed on the movement through a constantly changing focus. The onrushing ball is seen as a blur.

To keep the ball in view after the pitcher first lets it go, the batter's eyes must cover a visual field of only about 15°. Pursuit movement is fast enough to accomplish this. But when the ball reaches a point about 20 feet from home plate the batter must be able to see over a much greater angle. The ball's relative speed to the batter has increased to the point where even the slow ball travels too fast for the eyes to keep up with it over this wider field. Only by turning his head could the batter keep his eyes on the ball, and a batter can do this only if he figures as Mighty Casey did, "Tain't my style," and gives it the go-by.

Baseball is an incredibly fast game. A ball takes from two-fifths to three-quarters of a second to travel the 60 feet between the pitcher and the catcher. Within the first 40 feet of the ball's journey, the batter calculates its speed, its height and its probable direction (curving or not). He relays an educated guess to his body and by the time he loses sight of the ball his swing has already begun.

If he holds up on the swing it is because the calculation already tabulated indicates that the ball will miss the strike zone or is not the type of pitch he wants. If he goes through with the swing, any further information on the path of the ball which his eyes might give him would be useless anyway. It is too late to translate this information into a corrected swing; the body has taken over from the eyes. Results now depend on how well educated the guess was and how well the estimate was incorporated into the swing.

HIGH AND INSIDE? MAYBE

Even Boston Red Sox slugger Ted Williams, who is reputed to have the "fastest" eyes in baseball, now admits that he can't follow the ball all the way home. Williams says, "No, I don't see the ball when it hits the bat. You usually lose sight of it a few feet away. Once or twice in my whole career I'd say I saw the ball hit the bat, but that's all." (Dr. Hubbard says this might be possible on a high inside pitch which is hit well out in front of the batter because the angle of vision necessary in such circumstances is greatly reduced.) Of course, in the case of Mr. Williams (not to mention Willie Mays) it doesn't seem to matter much.

CAPTAIN L. C. BRUCE MAJOR HENRY FULTON
GEORGE W. YALE COLONEL JOHN BODINE GENERAL T. S. DAKIN
L. M. BALLARD A. V. CANFIELD, JUN. LT. COLONEL H. A. GILDERSLEEVE R. C. COLEMAN

THE GREAT RIFLE MATCH

Over 8,000 people watched America and Ireland vie for the world's rifle championship in a day-long match, unsettled until the final shot

THOMAS NAST, leading cartoonist of his day, drew picture of Eire bowing to Columbia.

NO EVENT in the sporting world has excited more general attention than the Grand International Rifle Match at Creedmoor, Long Island between the American and Irish teams," said *Harper's Weekly* in 1874 when the two countries shot it out for the championship of the world before an unruly crowd of 8,000 cheering people. Since early morn on September 26, the day of the Grand Match, coaches, tallyhos, hacks and high-wheeled bikes choked the roads leading from New York to Creedmoor, site of America's first rifle range. The L. I. railroad ran special trains jammed with spectators. Across the country telegraph offices stood by ready to flash shot-by-shot reports of the day-long match.

The year before, Ireland had won the rifle championship of the British Isles. Major Arthur B. Leech, captain of the Irish team, then challenged America for the world title. Col. George W. Wingate, one of the founders of the recently formed (1871) National Rifle Association of America, in accepting the challenge, yielded to Ireland's terms of a long-range match, at distances of 800, 900, and 1,000 yards. This was conceding a lot, for none of the Americans had ever fired beyond 600 yards. Ironically, the finest long-range shots the world had ever seen

were right in America—the professional buffalo hunters on the western plains—but they were more interested in bagging hides at $50 each than in a rifle match.

The untested team selected by Col. Wingate is shown on opposite page. Of this group, which includes three reserves, the six men who did the shooting are: Major Henry Fulton, G. W. Yale, Col. John Bodine, Lt. Col. H. A. Gildersleeve, L. L. Hepburn, and Gen. T. S. Dakin. The terms of the match: 15 rounds per man at each of the three distances; .44 caliber rifles of 10 pounds maximum weight firing identical loads of black powder; the Americans to use breech-loaders of U.S. manufacture, the Irish to fire their own muzzle-loaders (considered more accurate); telescope sights were barred; standard English targets, measuring 12 ft. x 6 ft. The square bullseye (4 points) was 3 ft. x 3 ft.; the "center" (3 points) was 6 ft. x 6 ft., with a 2 ft. space on each side called an "outer" (2 points).

The veteran Irish team, experts at long-range, were the odds-on favorites as they took position in front of the huge roped-off throng at exactly 10:30 a.m. It was a hot, dry day. Captain Walker, Ireland's leadoff man, took his place between the red flags that marked the firing point, got down on his stomach and squinted at the target. A strange sight greeted the captain's eye. The target seemed to dance in the shimmering heat waves, a phenomenon unknown in cloudy Ireland. No marker rose up when he fired. It was a clean miss. Behind him came groans mixed with thunderous cheers. Col. Wingate ran in front of the spectators and appealed to them to quiet down. America's first man was Major Fulton, a 28-year-old Civil War veteran. Lying on his back with his feet toward the target, he rested the barrel of his Remington on his legs—a position which enabled him to keep his luxuriant blond beard out of the dust—and squeezed the trigger for a bullseye. (Of the 12 men who shot that day, five used the feet-first position; seven, the head-first stomach-down stance. Comparative scores later showed that the feet-first men averaged 157 points against 154 for the conventional shooters.)

When the 800-yard stage was over, America led 326-317 and both teams retired to a large tent for a lunch complete with speeches and toasts. At the 900-yard stage Ireland figured to overcome America's 9-point lead. Cheers resounded from the crowd when the marker at the target rose to indicate a bullseye as Ireland's J. K. Milner got off his first shot. But a murmur of disappointment soon followed when the umpire decreed that the bullseye must go for zero. Poor Milner had hit the wrong target. But then the Irish got a couple of breaks. The first one came when Dakin of the American team touched off a shot which fell far short of the target. The miss was caused by a defective load. Then clouds obscured the sun, giving the Irish the filtered light to which they were accustomed on their native sod. Firing accurately at 900 yards, they cut America's lead to seven points.

Now for the final 1,000-yard stage, Ireland's best distance. It was neck and neck all the way and when the Irish finished, the score stood 931–913 in their favor. But the match was not yet over. Major Fulton and Col. Bodine still had three shots each to fire. Both had been shooting well but Fulton, feeling the pressure, could not find the bullseye and rang up three "centers." Now came Col. Bodine, America's anchor man. If he did no better than Fulton the score would be tied. Carefully sighting the target, the Colonel scored one bullseye, then another. Ireland now led by one point and only one shot remained. If Bodine hit the target America would win, since the minimum score was two points. If he missed, Ireland would win. It was then that the crowd broke through the ropes and lined up on either side of the Colonel's firing point, almost as far as the target. The elderly Bodine called for a bottle of ginger beer to steady his nerves but as he opened it the bottle broke and a piece of glass cut deeply into his trigger hand. Bleeding profusely, he wrapped his hand in a handkerchief and waited until the crowd quieted down. The colonel remained calm. Slowly he got on his stomach, sighted the rifle and inhaled deeply, then let half out. At last came the shot and the *spat* of the bullet on the iron target. "He's on!" the crowd roared and the white disk rose to signal a 4-point bullseye. America had won, 934 to 931, and the rifle championship of the world was theirs.

FIRING at distances of 800, 900 and 1,000 yards without telescope sights, some shooters preferred the stomach-down, head-first position, other the strange feet-first stance.

FALCARO THE GREAT

Joe the man still keeps Joe the bowler out of the Hall of Fame

by VICTOR KALMAN

It was no secret that the rulers of U.S. bowling generally viewed the late, great Joe Falcaro with apprehension. In character and temperament, he was like an accident looking for a place to happen, and in his blustering, profane career he trod on many toes. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that three years after his death Falcaro is still judged more as a man than as a bowler and has yet to find his niche in bowling's Hall of Fame.

In 1930, for example, when he was National Match Game champion, he was introduced to the new president of a bowling manufacturing firm. "I'm like you, Joe," beamed the manufacturer, thinking to put the champ at ease. "I'm a self-made man."

Joe gave him a long, contemptuous stare. "Come around when you're finished," he replied, and turned his back.

CHAMP WITH A SNEER

Falcaro had no respect for anyone except himself. When the Bowling Proprietors Association of America was formed in 1932, one of its first moves was to inform Joe that 1) it recognized him as U.S. champion, and 2) that it was arranging for him to defend his title against the winner of a national elimination tournament. Falcaro's answer was brief and blunt: "Who the hell are you bums? Falcaro the Great arranges his own matches!"

Falcaro's championship was self-proclaimed, but he made it stick. A slight man with a huge nose and full lips which curved naturally into a sneer, he has been pictured as part villain, part clown. Actually he was a great showman who took himself and bowling very seriously.

One day he exploded wrathfully when a radio announcer introduced him as "the great Falcaro." "No, no," Joe shouted into the microphone. "You got it wrong. It's Falcaro the Great!" Two days later he returned to apologize. "I been thinking," he told the announcer. "You were right. 'The great Falcaro.' It's got more class."

Rough though he was, Joe did a lot for bowling. He was among the first to explain and teach the game to women. His excellent movie shorts and his personal tours from coast to coast were a major factor in bowling's rise from the poolroom and saloon to America's most popular sport.

His personal principles were less creditable. Though he was one of the first to police the sport and lecture on the practices of sharks, he profited richly from his own incognito forays into bowling's hinterlands. He did little to enhance bowling's prestige. He was often mixed up in all-night drinking bouts. His foghorn voice spouted profanity in a rich Italian accent. Above all Falcaro considered himself Mr. Bowling and set his own rules for defense of the title which he won from Joe Scribner of Detroit in 1929.

Andy Varipapa followed him from alley to alley vainly trying to challenge him. "Go get a reputation first!" was Falcaro's taunting answer. When a match was finally agreed on—under Falcaro's rules—Varipapa bowled an incredible 252 average for the 30 games. But Joe's score was even more incredible: he beat Andy by 90 pins. "If it hadn't of been me," said Joe, "I wouldn't believe it."

On March 30, 1933 Falcaro was felled by three bullets pumped into him by an irate husband. While he was in the hospital, the BPAA declared the title vacant and called for national eliminations. Falcaro never "recognized" the champions who followed him. "Let them bowl their heads off," he said. "I'll still be champ." And champ he was, in his own mind, until he died on September 8, 1951.

$10,000,000 AND A CITATION

In those later years, Joe Falcaro was far more popular, and more a credit to the game, than when he wore the crown. In World War II, he raised $10,000,000 in war bonds and was cited by the U.S. Army. But memories still rankle with the American Bowling Congress, and last February his name was passed over again when the elections for the Hall of Fame were held.

"I'm the world's best," Falcaro used to say. "I done more for bowling than anybody. Some day they will put me into the Hall of Fame."

Maybe he was. Maybe he did. Maybe, at long last, they should.

ANNIVERSARY

SUDDEN LEAP TO FAME

Using his spectacular jump finish, Charley Paddock bolstered his reputation as "the world's fastest human" by winning two American sprint titles 30 years ago this week. In both the 100-yard and 220-yard dashes at the National A.A.U. outdoor track and field championships, the Los Angeles sprinter tied the world records of 9.6 seconds and 20.8 seconds, respectively, which he already held. To win, the 24-year-old Paddock had to defeat Loren Murchison, the defending champion and his foremost American rival in both events. A fast starter, the Newark A.C. dash star led the 100-yard dash until the last 10 yards. At that point Paddock drove his powerful legs hard, climaxing the effort with a tremendous jump toward the finish line. In the 220, Paddock beat his rival by a good four yards.

THE READERS TAKE OVER

BANG! BANG!

Sirs:

California's deer season opened with the usual oddities. One hunter used a 30-30 rifle as a cane in jumping across a creek. He fell, the gun discharged and the bullet struck his pocket, splintering a pocketknife and other assorted articles. Bits of metal penetrated his skin.

Eight hundred or more hunters sallied into the Chews Ridge district. But some of them spent the night before the season opened practicing, and deer in the region took the hint. Only 10 hunters returned with a buck.

At a checking station set up by game wardens in Los Angeles County, a hunter hurriedly tried to unload his rifle. It discharged and blasted a hole in one of his new white sidewall tires. On top of that, the poor soul was cited for illegally transporting a loaded gun.

TOM ARDEN

Sacramento, Calif.

TOMMY'S TESTS

Sirs:

I'm not sure just what I expected. I've waited to see the next few issues. I have just received #3 and I am *sold*. Your stories have something new. They go deeper and have new twists.

I am a track coach and the stories of the "Miracle Mile" and its participants were great. Especially so because of their educational angles. If you can always include the latter in your sport stories, you'll do more for sport as a whole than anything that has been published before. We coaches are always looking for new angles to try on our boys, so when they come as you have presented them in your magazine they are very easy to take.

In regards to Tommy Cureton's 18 tests of fitness, I think, according to test #17, that he could have been a better runner than the swimmer he was when I knew him at Yale. Do you realize that, if he just took a five-foot step, he would do a mile in less than five *seconds*? That really is jet speed. What?

Of course I know that should read "180 steps per *minute*." Besides you have already caught the mistake . . .

E. J. THOMSON
Track Coach
U.S. Naval Academy

Annapolis, Md.

● Yes, the error was caught and not a min. too soon.—ED.

IDEA CHART

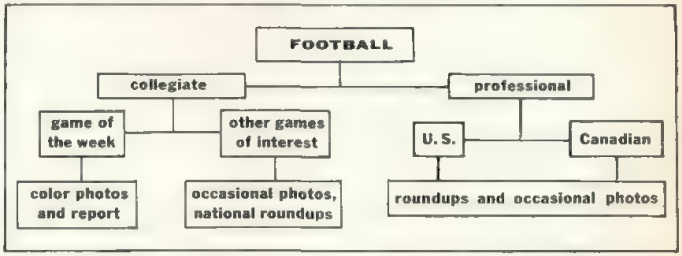
Sirs:

. . . I really enjoyed your coverage of the Saratoga yearling sales and the Marciano-Charles fight pictures. Here is a chart and some ideas for football coverage:

WILLIAM A. COLON JR.

New York

● See Publisher's letter for SI's football schedule.—ED.



SKATER'S GOAL

Sirs:

. . . You have let me and 2,000,000 other people every night of the week, who populate our roller skating rinks all over the country down. At Monmouth Garden in Denver, Colorado the earlier part of the month were young men and women from all 48 states, Canada and England who competed in the National championships of the Roller Skating Rink Operators of America (RSROA), which is the ultimate goal of every skater who ever put on a pair of skates more than one or two nights a week, and that figure, gentlemen, runs as high as 3 or 4,000,000 all over the country. These men and women, ranging in age from 3 or 4 years old all the way to men and women in their 30s and 40s, who practice three and four hours every day for sometimes as long as six months before state competition ever takes place. Only those contestants placing 1st, 2nd or 3rd ever go on to regional competition (of which there are seven regions); a month to six weeks later the contestants who place 1st, 2nd and 3rd may then go on to nationals, and just to skate before the thousands of people who witness this great spectacle, which will last from seven to 10 days, is in itself a thrill that may come only once in a lifetime as the entrants pay all expenses themselves, being strictly amateur.

I hope to see something on skating in the future but will continue to enjoy your magazine . . .

RICHARD D. FOLEY JR.

Auburndale, Mass.

WAUGOSHANCE POINT?

Sirs:

I have enjoyed the first three issues. However, I would like to know what Ed Zern has against Michigan fishing? In vain do I look for a report in The Fisherman's Calendar.

The editors may not be aware that the state of Michigan leads the nation in sale of fishing licenses year after year. So please give us a break and let us know how the browns are doing in the Manistee and Au Sable. Are the bass biting at Waugoshance Point?

WALTER J. RUSSELL

Grand Rapids, Mich.

● Mr. Zern has been alerted. See Fisherman's Calendar.—ED.

SPORT DANCING

Sirs:

I was very much disappointed . . . not to find even one small mention of square dancing or folk dancing. Why was this omitted? Isn't dancing termed a sport? At least it takes a good sport to be a good dancer. Dancing should definitely have its place among the sports columns in all papers and magazines . . . If you don't believe that square dancers are happy people, you should have been with us in Dallas, Texas at the Third National Square Dance convention last April. It was estimated that 100,000 people were there.

ALLEEN B. PACE

Sumter, S.C.

FROZEN MILERS

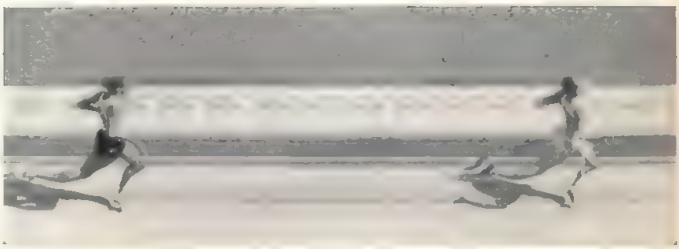
Sirs:

Would you believe it?

That Landy could trail Bannister by so much, that both could still beat the four-minute mark, yet neither equalled the world's record? We thought you would find this picture of interest, especially as it has not yet been published anywhere.

KELVIN G. HATCH
President
Hatch & Co., Ltd.

Quebec, Canada



BANNISTER AT THE TAPE, TRAILED BY LANDY

Knows Secret

Knows How to Get FAST Relief from Acid Indigestion!

Like millions of people, he has discovered that tiny Tums can bring top-speed relief from acid indigestion and gassy heartburn whenever they occur. For Tums neutralize excess acid almost before it starts—can't cause acid rebound. No water, no mixing. You can take Tums anywhere. Get a handy roll of Tums today.

So economical—only 10¢ a roll
3-roll pkg. 25¢

TUMS FOR THE TUMMY

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Made by skilled craftsmen of the finest leathers obtainable
Sold at better camera and department stores everywhere.
Write for catalog of complete Perrin line.
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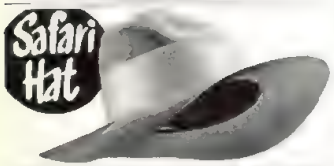
Safari Hat



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Authentic African Safari styling in fine beaver fur felt. Smart and dashing 3½" brim gives protection from sun, dust, wind, rain. Standard headgear for adventurers the world over. A fine hat for hunting, fishing and camping. Money back guarantee. Give regular hat size. Order today.

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BEER & POLO BOYS

Sirs:

Your real customer is the sports fan. You're writing for the yachts and polo-ponies boys. You're talking to the Martini crowd. The real sports fans are beer and pretzel boys and you'll never get us with that sort of thing.

GEORGE BRADMAN

Des Moines, Ia.

● Maybe it's beer and polo. The picture above was taken at Milwaukee, Wis. last Sunday at the windup of the National Twenty Goal Polo Tournament. Milwaukee, famous for beer and baseball, has been drawing crowds in excess of 5,000 to its Sunday polo matches at Uihlein's Field. Bob Uihlein Jr., a Milwaukee brewer and owner of the field, is on extreme left. The lady is his wife. The others are members of the victorious Texas team. Uihlein's team had been eliminated earlier.—ED.

BOSCO

Sirs:

... under "Dogs generally considered good with children," I believe you inadvertently left out the Great Dane, or Messrs. J. J. Deutsch and J. J. McCoy have. We had a Great Dane (life span seven years) from the time my younger sister was two years old. He was wonderful with her. The first day we had him, she dragged his dinner away from him *while* he was eating. My father stood there poised to grab the dog if he should snap the dog stood motionless and quiet until his pan was returned then continued eating.

We used to confide in Bosco (that was his name) and he seemed to tell us with his eyes that he understood ...

MARY L. PATTISON

Garland, Tex.

LOUISIANA TUG-OF-WAR

Sirs:

... May I comment on the article about fishing for the alligator gar ... The method is this: Make a loop of baling wire or some similar flexible wire. Tie with a heavy cord, in the loop, a chunk of overripe meat or fish. Make a float out of a bottle, sealing the cork. Attach the loop and the bottle-float to a length of clothesline, allowing the loop to descend into the water about three or four feet. The gar then sticks his snout through the loop, the float bobs up and down or is pulled down. You yank on the clothesline and a spirited tug-of-war is on until the gar is subdued and brought to the deck or the shore. This technique is used quite extensively in the southeastern marsh country of Louisiana.

EDWARD J. KAMMER
Vice-President, Dean of Faculties
De Paul University

Chicago, Ill.

YANKEE DOODLE IKE

Sirs:

I thought your readers would be interested in this modern American primitive that is painted on the wall of a miniature golf concession at Coney Island.

CAROL L. MERCADO

New York

hi!

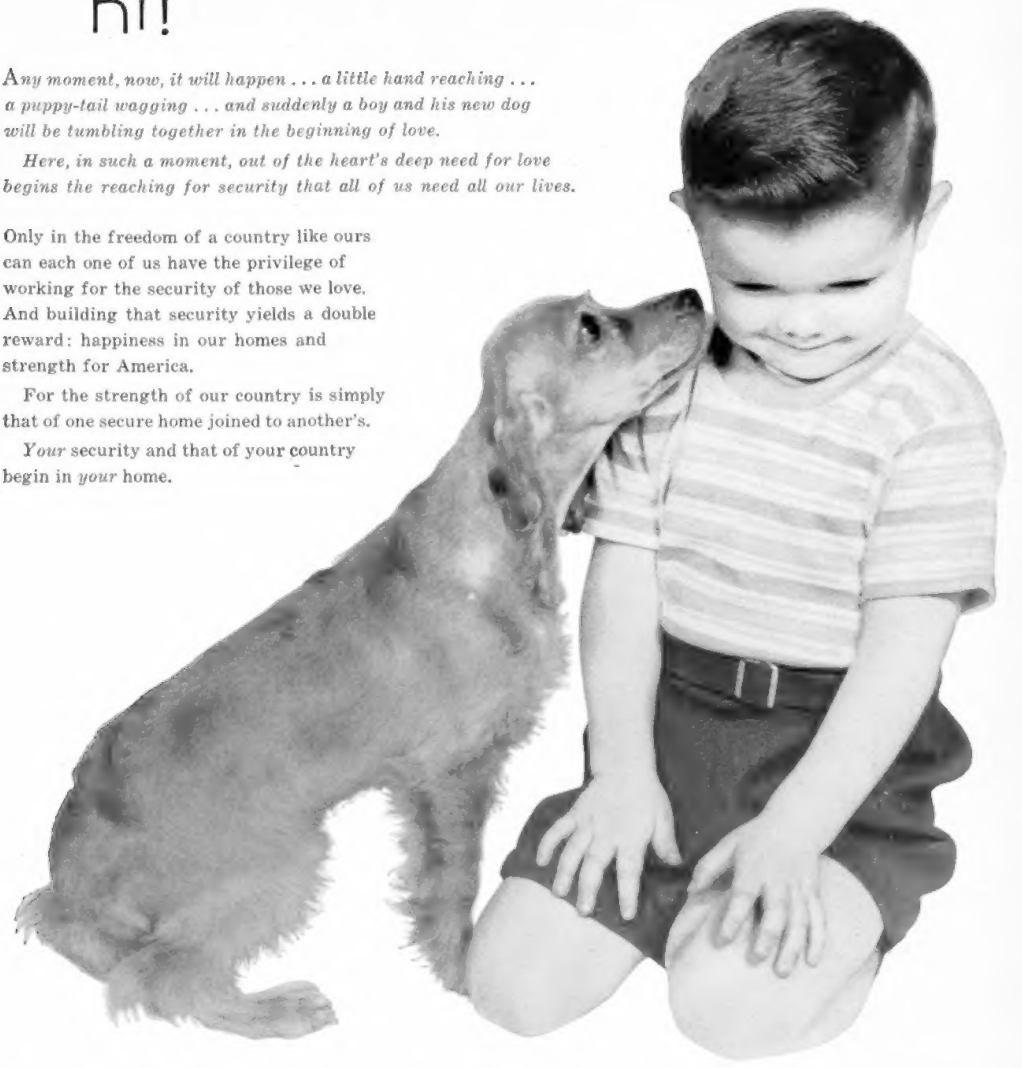
Any moment, now, it will happen . . . a little hand reaching . . . a puppy-tail wagging . . . and suddenly a boy and his new dog will be tumbling together in the beginning of love.

Here, in such a moment, out of the heart's deep need for love begins the reaching for security that all of us need all our lives.

Only in the freedom of a country like ours can each one of us have the privilege of working for the security of those we love. And building that security yields a double reward: happiness in our homes and strength for America.

For the strength of our country is simply that of one secure home joined to another's.

Your security and that of your country begin in *your* home.



Saving for security is easy! Read every word—now!

If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30.

United States Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you a return of 80% on your original investment!

Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

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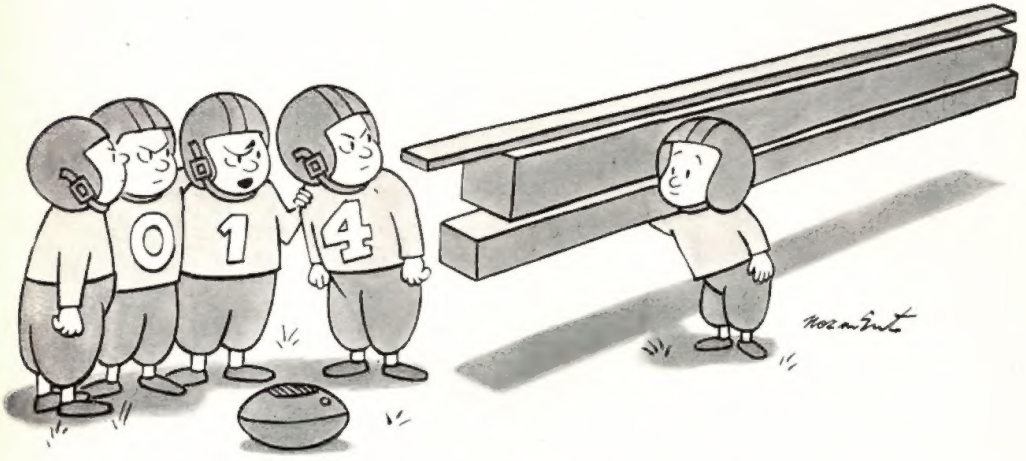
LAST LAUGH

"Katzmeyer is not blind as a bat . . . Katzmeyer is not blind as a bat . . . Katzmeyer is not . . ."

"Not you, stupid!"



"I guess we'll have to let him play. They're his goal posts."

"This is pukka Gin-and-Tonic," said the Schweppesman

BETWEEN chukkers, the lady asked Schweppes' roving envoy what he meant by *pukka*.

Commander Whitehead defined it this way: "Absolutely authentic. The real thing. What you Americans call *the McCoy*. A Gin-and-Tonic, for instance, is *pukka* when it's mixed with the one-and-only Schweppes Quinine Water."

Who but the most bungling tyro would try to make an authentic Gin-and-Tonic *without* Schweppes?

It took over a century to evolve the secret of Schweppes delicious bitter-sweet flavor. (A secret now shared by only three living mortals: Commander Whitehead himself, and two back-room boys at the home office.)

Schweppes *carbonation* is also unique. "Schweppervescence *lasts the whole drink through*."

Any barman worth his salt will always serve you Schweppes for Gin-and-Tonic. And today you can also buy this incomparable Quinine Water at your grocer's. Schweppes—would you believe it?—actually costs very little more than *ordinary* mixers!

P. S. Schweppes also make a great Club Soda—with the *black label*.

Now—You're So Smart to Smoke

King Size

New lower price —same as regular!

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